

YEARBOOK

1961

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BUCK'S ROCK  
WORK CAMP

1961

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1961



# **buck's rock work camp 1961**

the yearbook is published  
annually by the campers of  
the buck's rock work camp  
new milford • connecticut



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FAREWELL

BUCK'S ROCK DIRECTORY names and addresses

THANKS TO

WE REMEMBER

MY NAME IS.....

WE GOOFED

PHOTO CREDITS

BUTTONS IN BUCK'S ROCK

MUCH TO DO IN '62

STAFF

PINK SILK SCREEN DESIGN OF HEADS BY MARGARET ROSENBLUM



# a message from ERNIE

When I welcomed you to Buck's Rock eight weeks ago, I felt that I welcomed you to a summer of challenge as well as fulfillment. I promised you Freedom of Choice and I promised you Leadership and Instruction.

At the end of the summer, I can say to you that you have used both and that you used them well. As you look back, you can be very proud of your achievements. The plays and dance recitals were splendid accomplishments; your music gave pleasure to many people. The work in your shops exceeded in conception, form and originality anything that had been done at Buck's Rock in past years. The scientific projects carried out in laboratory and electronic workshops were of the highest quality. The work on construction will be a lasting testimony to your industry and ingenuity and the farms flourished under your care.

Soon you will be going back to your home. Buck's Rock, like all past experiences, will become a memory to be relived in countless and unpredictable ways. Perhaps it will be through a new friend whom you met during the summer; perhaps it will be through a photograph taken at Buck's Rock; perhaps a sudden flash of smiling memory will recall something that happened during the summer. I don't know what that something will be: a fondly remembered phrase; an awakened sense of the world around you; a growing realization of the hidden powers within you. I don't know.

But I do know that the freedom of choice we offered you this summer, with the necessity to choose between so many different projects, will help you to clarify the road you are going to take. It will also enhance your desire to establish such autonomy of choice in your future.



However, you must have sensed that freedom lies not only in your environment and in the circumstances that surround you. Freedom lies in your own heart. Here the essential questions are asked: Which goal is my own? How can I get there? Here the knowledge is born: In the final analysis, it is up to me! The key that opens the doors to life is in my own hand!

And yet, you will have to remember to unclench your fist to use the key. You don't live alone with your own heart and your own self. Whatever you accomplish, you accomplish in concert with others. Whatever success you had this summer, you shared it with others. The spirit of freedom is universal. It includes your fellow men. It seeks to understand the minds of others. It includes their interests and weighs them on the same basis as your own. If freedom ceases to include and consider the freedom of those around you, it dies in the hands of the ruthless and savage who make it their possession.

And now, we, the staff of Buck's Rock, say "Farewell". We, too, have enjoyed Buck's Rock this summer and, as educators, have used it to express our ideas. But just as you had much in common with each other so did we. You shared the pleasure of working and playing and living together; we shared the aim of helping you to experience a new awareness of the world you live in and the satisfying role you can play in this world.

We hope to see you again. In the meantime, have a good year and be assured that the pleasure and benefits you have experienced this summer are matched by our pleasure and pride in your achievements.

*Ernst*







Here you have it---the Buck's Rock Year-book for 1961. Our staff of over one-hundred campers has written, designed, and produced it especially for you. We hope it will give you at least an inkling of what our summer at Buck's Rock was like.

Every year we try something new, and this year was no exception. You'll notice that each of the writers has recorded an experience in much the same way as he might have recorded it in a diary. We chose this approach because we believe that the success or failure of the summer is based on what each individual has made of it and how each individual has reacted to it. We have, in effect, compiled a Buck's Rock diary.

The job wasn't an easy one, but we've all learned a great deal from it. The writers tried to master a simple, yet different and difficult style, and in the process learned much about the art of writing. The artists, photographers, typists, editors, and production workers have discovered some of the harsh and some of the rewarding aspects of putting together a publication of this kind.

We have profited from our work on this book. Now it is yours---to read, to enjoy, and to help you remember the activities and personalities that made the summer of 1961 such a wonderful one.

CARL SHEINGOLD





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....dear diary





**JULY**

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....tuesday, july 4

Today is the first day of camp. I'm so excited. I love Buck's Rock already. The first meeting we all had together was highlighted by a speech from Dr. Bulova. I had already been favorably impressed by Ernst when I went for an interview with him. This speech impressed me even more. Ernst said that what we do with our summer here is entirely up to us. He said that Buck's Rock had a good reputation which we can either destroy or uphold. Sometimes I wish there were more men just like Ernst. He's so intelligent and nice too. We were then introduced to all the counselors. Each seemed so enthusiastic about his area. I never realized that there could be so many things to do in one place. At the Art Shop we can work on painting, mosaics, and sketching. In Ceramics, we can make pots on the wheel and fire all kinds of sculpture. Then there are shops in silk screening, photography, and silversmithing. I know I'm going to have the greatest summer ever.

MARY PROTZEL



....wednesday, july 5

No matter how much I see and hear of what there is to do at Buck's Rock, I am always glad to learn more. Therefore, I was happy to hear of the general meeting of all the shops that was held this morning.

We learned first that there are two types of creative work done at Buck's Rock. One is called production, and involves making articles to be sold to the visitors. The other is done just for the pure enjoyment of the worker. After this, each of the shops showed us some examples of their work. The quality of the articles exhibited was remarkably professional, and the range of possibilities for creation is breathtaking. There will obviously be a good deal of conflict in many camper's minds in the weeks to come over whether the luxurious feeling of creating one's own jewelry is as gratifying as the feel of clay under one's fingers forming smoothly into a bowl.

So many things were shown that it is hard to remember them all, but I especially recall the odd look of the unfinished bowls displayed by the Wood Shop and the beauty of some of the esoteric art forms shown by the Art Shop. Lithograph, etching, woodcut... I would not have known that there were so many ways of making a picture.

Nothing is standardized, I gather. Not one of the shops, from the diminutive Silkscreening Shop to the Wood Shop, which boasts a separate building, mentioned a pattern that a camper could work from. Indeed, the Wood Shop placed a good deal of emphasis on designing larger pieces, like furniture, and the counselor in the Silversmithing Shop, which I visited immediately after the meeting, made it clear that nothing completely unoriginal could be fashioned.

All the shops made their wares so tempting that it's hard to decide in which to work. Will the pleasure of creating my own jewelry be as great as that of trying to make my first lithograph? Or will the joy of fashioning something on the potter's wheel eclipse them both? It's hard to say with no experience, and obviously it's one of the many questions that will only be answered in the course of the summer.

MADELINE GABRIELSON





margaret rosenblum



....thursday, july 6

The screech of a power saw and the sweet odor of pine greeted me as I walked into the woodshop today. I was glad to get inside, for the surrounding trees protected the shop from a hot afternoon sun.

Even though I had seen the shop on an earlier tour of the camp, I was still somewhat amazed by the many machines which it housed. But today I had no time to stand around and gawk; after drawing up a plan I settled down to the task of constructing my project, an analytic balance.

As my work progressed, I found myself going to Dave, Jack, and Marvin for help and further explanations. CIT's Chuck and Al also helped; they taught me the many new processes which I had to learn in order to complete my work.

This first day in the shop taught me that patience is a must. I practiced this virtue as I joined a string of eager beavers who weaved in and out of the passageways between the machines, seeking attention from one of the instructors. In time, we were all reached.

In the midst of Dave's scolding and Jack's, "This is a union shop," a lone voice cried out, "Snack!" and was immediately echoed a few dozen times till everything came to a standstill. Jack reminded everyone that good unionists respect the rights of all, but seeing the cookies disappear under his nose, exclaimed, "Am I an orphan? Don't I get anything?" Anyone taking more than his share of snack was quickly branded as a "fink" by Chuck.

I was impressed by the shop's efficiency and safety. The spirit of accomplishment which prevails discourages any horseplay or untidiness. I understand now why the products of this shop are of such high quality.

RICHARD MARSHALL



....friday, july 7

Remembering the work I did on the Construction Crew last year, I decided to renew my acquaintance with the group, which this year has been operating under the trade name of the Benedicta-Gerosa Construction Company.

I went down to the stage to eye the new annex which the crew was building. It didn't look like much yet; just a few beams running across the place where a floor should be. When completed, though, it would house rooms for sewing and storing costumes and for building and storing props and sets to be used in future productions of the Buck's Rock Summer Playhouse.

Steve Goldstein quickly assigned me to work with a detail of campers who were installing the flooring of the annex. Pounding the nails and wedging the warped boards into place, I was soon completely absorbed in the work. Before I knew it, the work was finished. We cleaned the tools and assembled at the oak tree for our special treat.

Steve came bouncing along in a truck and we were on our way to Conn's Dairy to fill up on milk shakes, sodas, and malteds. After that, we all took a refreshing swim and called it a day.

DAVID SIMON



....saturday, july 8

As the summer evening waned, I sat on the social hall porch, listening with interest to a discussion on psychology. Silhouetted against the darkened sky, notes in hand, Ernie stood lecturing on "The Normal Individual." For a brief instant, I allowed myself a quick glance at the people around me. They appeared absorbed in thought. I remembered that the objective of the class was to give a broad understanding of psychology to a group that had little background or knowledge of the subject.

I had learned previously that psychology probes into patterns of behavior to determine why people act as they do. Further, it examines differences in people's character which are not hereditary, but which are acquired through learning and conditioning. These differences may be observed in our likes and dislikes, our emotional reactions, and our motives for acting as we do. I therefore realized why, in studying how people are psychologically different, we began by trying to define "normality."

The procedure Ernie used in teaching the class was an interesting one. He lectured on the concepts of psychology that he had chosen for the lesson until he was interrupted by questions from the audience. This method allowed for a give-and-take between pupils and teacher and kept interest at a high level.

The group considered some of the characteristics of a normal person--the use he made of his capabilities; his reaction to new experiences and ideas; the goals he set for himself; the degree to which he controlled his emotions; his self-respect and tolerance of others; his identification with society. Consideration of these characteristics gave me some basis with which to judge myself and others. I was surprised to learn, for example, that the normal person is ten percent abnormal. As the discussion continued, I began to wonder how normal I really was!

As I left the porch, I thought about the achievements of this course. With its limited time, it could do little more than give a broad view of a complex subject and cover, in a general way, some of its basic principles. But in addition, I think, it gave me a small measure of better understanding of myself and others.

ED JAROS



....sunday, july 9

As I went to the tennis courts for the square dance last night, I heard the familiar "Swing your partner! Dosey do!" I quickly grabbed a partner and joined the group.

Barry slowly explained "Texas Star" and I began to remember the steps from previous years. Since the other kids in my set were new, they had a few mishaps. They put the wrong hands in; they picked up the wrong partners, and so on. By the time the square was over, though, we were all doing quite well.

Next, "All for Mayim." The sky looked threatening, and I feared that the rain dance might affect the gods. Luckily it didn't, and the clouds passed.

Then came "Masquerade," my favorite dance. The music made me feel like a member of each of the classes it described. To the slow, dignified music of the aristocracy, I put my pinkie in the air with a feeling of magnificent snobbishness; the cool and simpler music of the middle class made me dance less tightly, yet not too freely; finally, there came the gay, swift music of the peasant which always makes me dance with the greatest freedom and joy.

Barry called another square. I was so tired I sat that one out. Sitting is a wonderful part of square dancing. Watching the people jump about with ease, I clapped, laughed, and participated in spirit.

Sometime later that evening I danced to the tunes of "Troika." After that dance I felt that I might faint. Those Russians sure must be hearty to do dances like that.

After the evening ended with a quiet "Miserlu," I walked back to my bunk and, on the path, my feet renewed their acquaintance with the night's dances.

PAUL GROOTKERK



....monday, july 10

As I plodded down to the stables in my riding boots, the unmistakable smell of the horses and their surroundings greeted me. I sat down on an unoccupied rock to wait for Pat, the riding instructor. When he came out, he assigned horses to each of the waiting campers. I dragged my horse (or rather the horse dragged me) out of the stall.

When we all got into the ring, I slid the stirrup down and climbed onto the horse. I felt tall and fearless, and was confident that I would have an exciting ride. Soon, walking the horse was not enough for me. I wanted to go much faster. But Pat had other plans for us. He was going to teach us how to trot and post.

The idea of trotting for the first time thrilled me. During those first few moments of circling the ring, I felt proud and quite regal. As the hour wore on, though, the novelty wore off. I began to daydream and to reflect on all that had happened so far this summer. Suddenly, I heard Pat's voice calling to me from across the ring. Startled, I pulled on the reins to keep from falling off the horse. Again I heard Pat's voice telling me not to choke the horse.

"But I'll fall off," I pleaded, and his only reply was "I don't care if you do fall off; just don't choke the horse".

We made it back to the stables all right. My pride was hurt a bit, but I'll get over that easily enough. From now on I'll save my reverie for some other activity. It can be dangerous while on horseback.

HELENE SCHWARZENBERGER



...tuesday, july 11

Surrounded by easels jutting this way and that, I sat bewildered, a piece of charcoal in my hand. Before me was my objective---in about three minutes I was supposed to sketch a figure sitting exactly on a chair.

Here was my chance to express myself. Only my hands could put down exactly what I saw and felt. Here I was, free from using words that sometimes limit and destroy the beauty of an idea. This was my passion, the art shop.

At first, my attempt was stiff and controlled. I tried again, hoping to get the right perspective. Couldn't my eyes see that the chin was slightly tilted?

My world was being destroyed. I felt that I couldn't express myself in any medium. Was this sketching class, that was supposed to help me, only going to make me more discouraged?

The morning dragged on and on. The models were now in different poses. Others around me had finished and perfected their sketches.

This time I had to do a girl reclining. Taking all the advice I had been given, I eyed the figure carefully. I drew wildly for a few minutes. I shaped the sloping body and tried to get the correct relation of the arms....

Finally I left the shop. I had succeeded in conquering a small part of the land of design. I had been praised, but the confidence I had gained was more important to me. The small things that I had learned spurred me on. I'll go back in the afternoon.

LINDSAY STAMM





SKETCH BY MARGARET ROSENBLUM



KEY TO PAINTINGS AND GRAPHICS ON FACING PAGE

painting\_by

EUGENE  
BRODSKY

painting  
by  
IRA SIFF

woodcut  
by

IRA  
SIFF

painting  
by

KATHY  
GUNZ

etching  
and  
aquatint  
by

CHUCK  
ZERNER

woodcut by

JON UNGER







....wednesday, july 12

Needing a release for my problems and tensions, and wanting to spend my day in the outdoors, I went to archery and arched all morning.

The tall waving crabgrass bordered by lofty trees and forest is an ideal place for rest and relaxation. The bright hues of the target contrast vividly with the green surroundings and provide a view of exciting beauty.

Archery, to me, is a source of both adventure and satisfaction. Scoring a goal gives me a sense of accomplishment that few other sports can offer. I become so engrossed in my aim, so completely engulfed in my endeavor, that soon all other problems and unanswered questions are forgotten. I exchange the tensions and vexations of everyday life for the "slings and arrows" of archery.

GERI BLITZMAN



...thursday, july 13

With a predetermined plan to build an intercom, I went to the Electronics Shop. Here I was greeted with a nice, "Hello." When asked what I wanted, I discussed my plans. After looking through some catalogues, I decided to build a Heathkit intercom.

Rich finished talking with me and turned on his Hammarlund receiver. "Calling C.Q., calling C.Q.," was the first thing I heard. "Calling C.Q." means that the "Ham" wanted to make a contact with anybody listening.

I find that "hamming" is a very interesting hobby. Although I do not have a license, I have listened in on conversations with a friend.

After I told Rich that I was interested in amateur radio, he told me that his staff would help me learn Morse Code and radio theory, the things you must know to pass the Novice License Exam.

From then on, I knew that the Electronics Shop was truly the place for me.

RICHARD SCHIFF



....friday, july 14

At 7:30 this morning, I, along with 250 other campers, was awakened by the beating of drums, the banging of garbage cans, and the maddening shouts of some 51 ferocious CIT's. The occasion, a mystery to me at the time, was French Independence Day, better known as Bastille Day.

I lurched violently, jumped angrily out of bed, and tried to shake off the stupor that accompanied my sudden awakening. My bunkmates, rushing around in a flurry, whisked me away to the front lawn where we joined a mob of people rallying around the flag.

About a dozen campers spilled out of the Big Blue, charged at the mob, seized a cluster of helpless campers and pushed them into the truck which, by now, was filled to overflowing. With a straining of the gears, the truck turned around and headed for the social hall porch.

A previously erected guillotine stood on the steps. I heard the shrieks and war whoops of duelling swordsmen, and watched as my fellow campers were "beheaded" by the French Freedom Fighters. Their blood curdling screams pierced the morning air.

When breakfast rolled around there was a sudden lull in activities. The rally quieted down as quickly as it had started. I turned in my recently-acquired title of "Bastille Stormer" and lined up for petit déjeuner.

BURT KAMILE



....saturday, july 15

I sat inside the Print and Publications Shop, bewildered by the maddening clickety-clack of the many typewriters in operation. All around me, people were dashing madly for the few typewriters that were still unclaimed. Today was the day that assignments for Issue 3 of Weeder's Digest were being given out, and everybody was busy doing something---going over information for their articles, banging out first drafts, checking layout and design. Were they too busy to welcome a new journalist to their ranks? I hoped not.

A counselor sat working with one of the writers, and I approached him. I could tell, by his inquisitive look, that an introduction was in order: "I'm Burt Kamile... I'd like to write an article for the next issue...." The counselor smiled: "Take your pick... Here's the list of articles that are still unassigned." I selected one and was on my way.

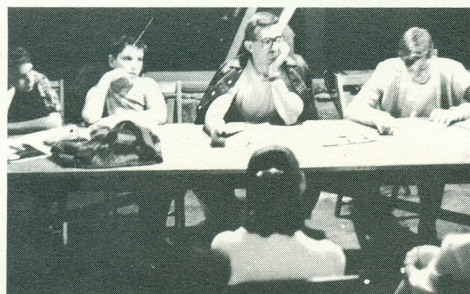
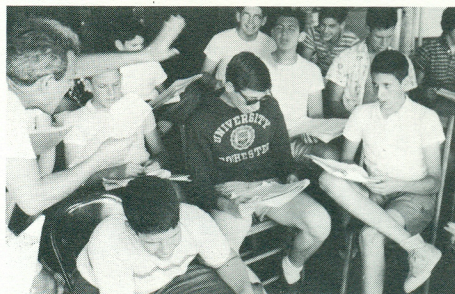
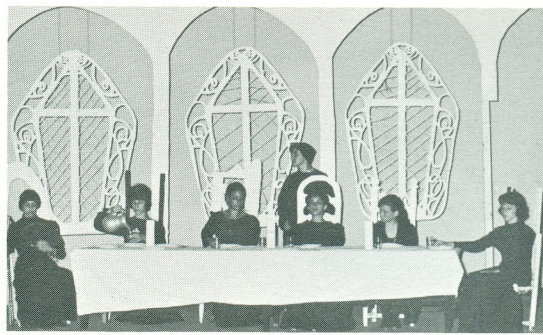
Walking up the small steps to where the production work was done, I heard the clanking of the hand presses and the grinding of the mimeograph machines. Was there anything for me to do up here? There certainly was. In seconds, I was led to a machine and told to crank away. I learned that there was more to putting out a publication than just setting ideas down on paper. Stencils had to be prepared, page layouts designed, and realistic production schedules determined. I also learned some of the do's and don'ts of working in the Print Shop.

When I left the shop at 4 p.m., I felt good. I realized that I had a lot to learn about the art of writing, but I was not afraid of learning, nor of the experiences that lay ahead, nor of the people that I would be so close to for the remainder of the season.

The shop needs me. I'll be back there first thing tomorrow morning.

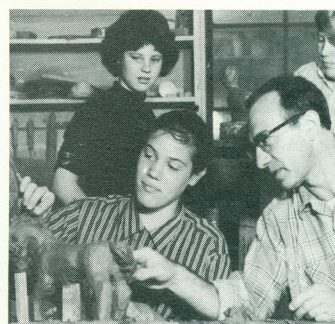
BURT KAMILE





**JULY**

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...sunday, july 16

I lay in slumber tonight--yes, in soundest slumber, and you, my dear diary, my never-firing confidante, lay neglected. Yet something in my sleep-clogged brain remembered you and woke me with a cry upon my lips, which I stifled for the sake of my still-sleeping roommates.

I rummaged through my shelf until I saw your familiar cover, upon which I pounced with a happy little exclamation of joy. Claspings you in my two hands, I whispered, "Diary, my diary, how could I let two nights go by without inscribing some of the days' wondrous joys? That was indeed a tender moment!

I poised my pen idly over your unsullied page, wondering what aspect was most fit to deck the evenly-spaced blue lines. That was obvious--the visit of David Allen to Buck's Rock to benefit our culture-hungry souls with poetry by Frost and Nash and Elliot. Yes, David Allen, sweet-looking and balding, with his dear dog Muffy tied to a chair and frisking behind him, Allen with his whimsical choice of poetry all around a central subject: "Men and Dogs" it was all there--the magic of those moments with Allen before the microphone, and we of Buck's Rock spread out on the grass before him, drinking in with our hearts the truths that fell from his lips, enjoying with our ears his gentle yet carrying voice. What an evening that was! And how could I have ricked letting it go, forever unimmortalized in your pages? It was unthinkable, and I am glad that some hidden conscience awakened me in time for you to hear about David Allen, and for the world to know.

MADELINE GABRIELSON



....monday, july 17

It is difficult to establish a relationship between Ralph Shapey, the small, cigarette-smoking, bemused gentleman, and the unusual, almost discordant music he has created. I clung to my chair to fight the sense of unreality created by this very normal-looking man, who, in his strolls about camp with his seventeen month old son, had become a familiar figure to all of us.

I found myself making an almost conscious effort to keep in mind the point which he constantly stressed: that these sounds were produced by commonly used instruments. I tried to achieve the emotional reaction which he had spoken of the day before as being the essence of music appreciation, the ultimate object of the composer. My mind struggled to categorize, to label, to assemble some sort of order out of the conflicting tonal patterns.

The vocal part of the final piece of the evening, "Incantations for Soprano and Ten Instruments"---- swelling and receding, rolling above the orchestrations, weaving in and out of other instrumental themes----captured my attention. The "unusual music" became a living, vibrant thing. The conflict between vocal and instrumental passages became extremely provocative and important to me as a listener.

Here was the essence of music: a simple song, desiring, as does all art, only to be seen and heard. Here was a direct manifestation of one man's spirit, his intelligence and sensitivity.

LINCOLN KAYE



...tuesday, july 18

This evening I learned many new and interesting facts. I attended a forum at which Adebesei Olusuyan, one of the Nigerian exchange students who works in our kitchen, discussed "The Nationalist Movement in Africa."

From the start, I knew that I was going to enjoy the evening because thinking, to me, is a pleasurable experience. And the more knowledge a person acquires, the more he has to think about. At the forum, I was given a good deal to ponder.

Many African peoples are pulling away from their former rulers in quest of liberty and freedom and the right to make their own decisions. Some have done this peacefully, but others have been forced to acquire their goal through bloody revolt.

Adebesei indicated that many people in Africa have been working toward a "United States of Africa." They hope that some day all of Africa will be united under one constitution and one central government. While Adebesei feels that this ideal will be realized in time, he points out that there are some Africans who are sceptical and who doubt that it can ever come about.

I was startled to hear Adebesei state that he believed it was unlikely that communism would establish itself in Africa. I had always thought that it would be fairly simple for communism to establish itself in just such an area. Nevertheless, Adebesei maintained that it would be very difficult for a totalitarian system such as communism to impose itself on the African's way of life.

I enjoy talking to people, as do most of us, but in order to talk with somebody it's usually necessary to know what you're talking about. I'd say that this was another reason why I enjoyed the forum as much as I did. After it was over, I knew that there would be hours of pleasing discussion over the facts and opinions that had been presented.

LEONARD SAPHIER



....wednesday, july 19

I took my third guitar lesson today. I was in the Art Shop, working on my mosaic, when someone said it was eleven o'clock. I remembered the lesson and hastily put away my mosaic, picked up my guitar from the bunk, and made it to the oak tree.

Barry, who this year is sporting a coarse beard and shortly cropped hair, was already there. As he tuned our guitars, he laughed and joshed with some of the onlookers.

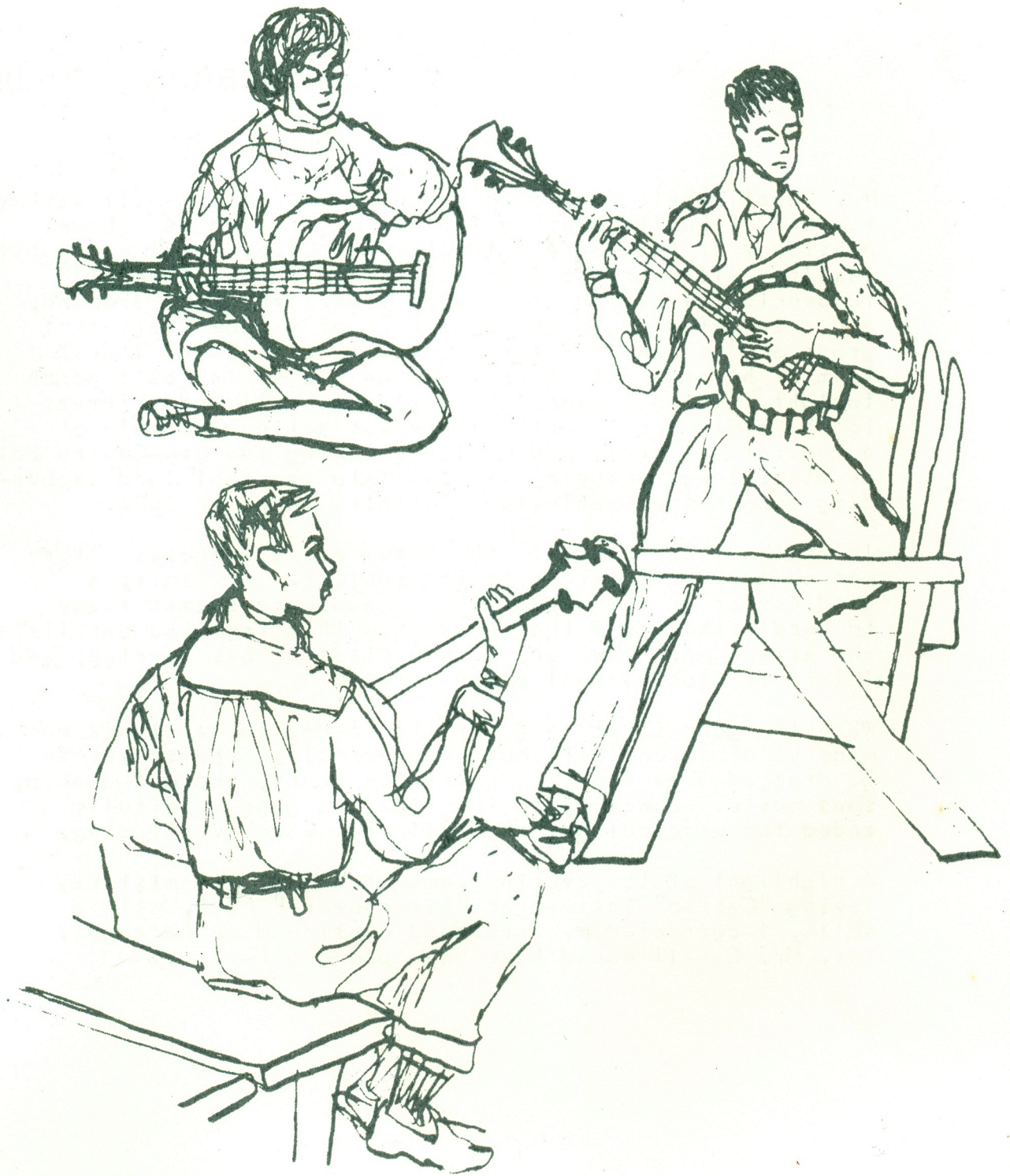
Today we learned to play the key of E. The chords looked pretty easy on the sheet, but for some reason, I couldn't play the B7. I stretched my fingers around the neck, but just couldn't quite make it. I looked at Barry and saw that his fingers reached the correct position easily. I tried again...and again...and again...

As the lesson progressed, I reached the frets more easily. My fingers felt as if they would split, but I felt good at the sound that was produced by my B7. By noontime, I could play a new song.

The wash-up gong rang and the lesson was over. I gathered up the sheets for the lesson and walked to a nearby tree to practice what I had just learned. More and more lessons, more and more chords, and I know I'll be able to master this instrument.

JOYCE ROTHENDLER







....thursday, july 20

Mr. Canell would have been proud of me. Mr. Canell was my teacher of English last year. He might also have been president of the Barry Goldwater Fan Club, Local #101, but wasn't. All year long he berated me for my liberal tendencies, screamed at me when I wore the blue armband, and even referred to those members of a pro-disarmament group as "In Sane," resorting to a bad pun, the lowest form of humor. But there I was on the social hall porch tonight, giving reasons why Castro is evil and a threat to the hemisphere. While Jerry was acting the role of a moderate liberal, and Carl was taking the pro-Castro point of view, I was pounding my fist into the table and expounding upon Arthur Schlesinger's White Paper on Cuba.

In at least one respect, the Forum was a success: There was no lack of interest in the subject. At times, a good number of the people in the audience seemed ready to hurdle the table that separated them from the panelists and attack me. However, such a disaster was averted, and I left the social hall porch intact.

When the gong first rang for the forum, the audience was made up of seven lost souls who permitted themselves to be dragged away from the badminton court, and one dancer, sans music. However, by the time the gong mercifully ended the proceedings, the galleries were overflowing.

A highlight of the evening came when I made a mistake, saying "Castro" instead of "Eisenhower." But, with a smile, I corrected my error and continued my harangue. Yes, Mr. Canell would have been proud of me.....

TODD CAPP

guitar players on previous page sketched by margaret rosen blum



....friday, july 21.

At dinner this evening the Drama Department announcement read: "Full cast of The Visit report to the stage at the evening activities gong. Dress Rehearsal." It's hard to believe that the play will go on tomorrow night. I glanced over my script nervously and ran down to the stage where a group of laughing peasants, billionaires, and townspeople were waiting for the signal to begin. Adjustments were made on the sets and Bill gave us last minute instructions. I walked onto the darkened stage and took my place.

A play really comes alive at dress rehearsal. With the addition of all the props, sets, and sound effects, my lines seemed real and a part of the whole play for the first time. Naturally, all did not go smoothly. Dress rehearsals may be exciting, but they are also invariably hectic. In the midst of a scene, Bill interrupted, "Take it again, I have to have that cue sooner."

I must have said those few lines twenty times, yet strangely enough, I'm never bored at rehearsals. That's probably because they're always colored by mistakes that provide just the right amount of comic relief. Tonight, for example, the main character, Anton Schill, discovered that his neighbors had all bought new shoes with the money they hoped they'd receive for his life. Anton recited his speech eloquently, even though one of the townswomen stood before him barefooted. In another scene, I walked into Herr Schill's store and asked for a bottle of Three Star Cognac and was handed three milk containers cleverly taped together.

Tomorrow night the play will be over. I wonder what I'm going to do with all the "free" time I'll have.....

PAUL SPRINGER



....saturday, july 22

I stepped out of my house this morning and saw Bernie Leif standing in front of the Boy's House. I walked over to him and, before I knew it, was assigned the job of placing tomatoes on a tray, green side down.

As soon as the trays were set up, and the shutters of the stand pulled down, the sun came in, carrying on its back our faithful parents. I must admit that at first I was in quite a mess; it's not too grand a thing to see the eyes of twenty or so parents upon you. Then, just to make things more difficult, they all placed their orders at the same time. After deciphering their orders, I had to climb over a mountain of paper bags and a bushel of tomatoes. A pile of potatoes still blocked my path, and these I gingerly stepped into in order to reach my destination---the scale.

Sitting upon the scale was a big fat wasp. At this point, true to my sex, I squealed a high C and went flying over the bags, tomatoes, and potatoes, onto the shop selling side of the stand. The boys there gave me the idea that I wasn't wanted, though---they pushed me back to the vegetable farm's side and also into the wasp's line of fire. Fortunately for me, this "threatener of harmony" flew off and the stand resumed its normal air. For the rest of the day, I learned the art of putting vegetables into paper bags and weighing them (once I exclaimed that the scale was off, only to discover that my hands were on it).

As evening approached, I began putting the few vegetables that went unsold back into their bushel baskets, and thought about how I had spent my day.,!?. There must be an easier way to raise the camp's hourly wage.

JILL DANZIG



....sunday, july 23

Thanks to Susie, whose parents had gotten seats for us in the shed at Tanglewood, I was able to see Pierre Monteux. And, since the seats were fourth row center, I was about fifteen feet from him.

When he first walked across the stage, I was overwhelmed to see, in person, this maestro whom I had seen in so many pictures. His moustache falling toward his mouth, his pudgy face divided into layers of wrinkles, he reminded me of a walrus. But this walrus seemed to radiate a dignity and poise which penetrated all who watched him.

He lifts an arm and music flows out of his sleeve. He moves a pinky and one little trumpet in the far left corner sounds. A flick of the wrist and the entire tonal level of the orchestra jumps. It's almost as if a string emanating from him is attached to each finger of each player.

His virtuosity is wonderful because it is an intangible force generated by one human being to many. It is indestructible and singularly human.

ELLEN TAUSSIG



...monday, july 24

Our rehearsal would have been easier if it hadn't been so hot today. If the temperature had suddenly dropped ten degrees, I would have found the experience more enjoyable. The play does take place "Amid the heat's heavy silence," but I don't see how Adela could have had an affair under those conditions. If I'd been in her place, I would have said, "Go away, Pepe. It's too hot." But then, "The House of Bernada Alba" would not have had much of a plot.

My feet kept hurting. (This would be understandable if I really were Poncia, a tired sixty-year-old woman, but it makes no sense in a healthy girl my age.) Most of the time, I wish that I were offstage, or in a scene where I could rest for a minute.

At this point, the play bears as much resemblance to a finished product as an embryo does to a full grown man. In the play we'll wear long black skirts and act like dignified cloistered Spanish ladies and Bill won't interrupt us to go over and over a scene. But, of course, the more we go over the play, the more polished our delivery becomes. Of course...

I could help things considerably by controlling myself more than I do. (The play isn't funny---Adela hangs herself at the end, and Bernada keeps pushing me around.) You don't giggle when you're arguing with a tough old lady who's treating you like a dog, or when you're telling a headstrong young lady to mend her ways. Suppose I break up on the night of the play? Well, I'll work it into the script somehow.

I've been answering the query, "How are rehearsals going?" with a noncommittal grunt. Bill says that the correct response is "Terrible." I guess he doesn't believe in favorable advance publicity.

In the meantime, I'd better sleep. Rehearsals will probably take most of tomorrow and they're exhausting.

MADLINE GABRIELSON



...tuesday, july 25

The rumbling gained and gained in volume, until it seemed to reach a crescendo. In my mind I could picture great blue and red lines charging down a towering western canyon. I began to toss; I could feel myself unconsciously moving to the rhythm of the swaying hordes. It was at the moment of collision that I suddenly gained consciousness. I could hear the gong's vibrant voice speaking through a dark summer morning. From my lower bunk I couldn't see outside, but the coldness of the air and the steady attacks on the roof told me that it was raining. The aluminum house was a symphony of noises this morning.

FRED ROBERTS



...wednesday, july 26

Orchestra rehearsal again today. As always, it was an hour of frenzied activity. An hour a day, three days a week, isn't much time for perfecting the performance of works by Verdi, Mozart, and Purcell, but somehow, Dave Katz manages, day by day, to bring us closer to perfection.

This season we're playing the "Triumphal March" from "Aida," an aria from "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Air and March," among many other famous works. Because most of us are familiar with these pieces, they're somewhat easier to play. But, even so, as the summer wears on, we discover how much we have to learn before we can play them well. That's probably why we don't tackle many of the newer compositions. We could never perfect them in the time we have.

I'm getting a lot out of the rehearsals. At home, I practice various pieces alone, but here my concern is with what I can contribute to the group. I have my own small stake in the success of the orchestra and can't wait for our first big performance.

ELLEN WEISSBERG



....thursday, july 27

I was late for chorus. I tried to sneak in and almost succeeded. Then I heard Dave's tenor voice. "You are late," he sang to the tune of the warmup exercise. "You are late," echoed the entire chorus, and the exercise continued.

Since I was a newcomer to the chorus and since this was my first rehearsal, I wasn't too sure of what to do next. Confused, I took a seat and tried to keep up with the group. As we took up and practiced each of the songs, I grew accustomed to the general procedure and to Dave's constructive, but often devastating comments on our singing. I noticed too that he reserved some of his choicer statements and wilder gestures for silencing the whisperers and conversationalists at the rehearsal.

Poor Dave. The baton he wields is a heavy one. His chorus has twice as many sopranos as altos, when it would be better the other way around, and his tenor section can claim only five voices, three male and two female. A veteran assured me, though, that by the time Festival comes around we'll be singing with the power and force of professionals.

By the time rehearsal ended today, I noticed certain improvements in our singing. Whether Dave did or not, is hard to say. He went flying off in search of his baton which someone had "borrowed" while his back was turned. Without it he'll have to transmit his messages through his hair and fingertips.

SYLVIA SCHWARTZ



...friday, july 28

Today I completed my first sculpture in the Ceramics Shop. It's amazing how much attention my work gets. In his own way, Harry Allan was very encouraging. He bellowed and muttered to me, saying that his ideas had been so effective. He frightened the few campers who had come to his shop for the first time. They stood together in one corner, staring at the experienced campers and cowering in fear of Harry's tirade.

I smiled to myself, remembering how I had been on my first day in the shop. Everyone seemed to belong and I felt like an outcast. Of course, they all kept up a pretense--or so I thought---of being interested in my work. The only friendly impression I had of the shop was that of the sounds---the hums and whirs of electric potter's wheels, the slapping of clay on plaster bats, the twang of wire as it neatly sliced the clay that was in need of wedging, and the happy sounds of campers' voices as they explored the most plastic of the art media offered at Buck's Rock.

I had been afraid, as these campers were now, of presenting some of my ideas to the counselors. And I had learned, the way these new potters would soon learn, how friendly and how encouraging all the people in the shop really were. All morning I worked, first on my sculpture, next in the glazing room, and finally talking to a certain camper with genius in his hands. As I looked around, a feeling, a good feeling, surged up in me. But my happiness was marred, for I saw that the new campers were still together in one corner of the shop.

I walked to the other side of the shop and spoke with them. At first they were shy, but finally they spoke. I offered to help them start their projects. The boys wanted to sculpt, but the girl was a potter-to-be. I asked a JC to work with the boys and myself took the girl under my wing. As the day progressed, she learned. I received great rewards through her progress. I'm sure that I've made a friend.

PHYLLIS RABINEAU





sketched at the shops by laura katz



....saturday, july 29

At 9:15 yesterday morning we boarded the truck bound for our second softball game with Camp Leonard. In an earlier encounter, we had been defeated by the waiters of Leonard, and now we were out to even the score. As the starting pitcher, I had a special interest in the game.

Rich Trilling gave us a last minute briefing, but I was too nervous to listen. We took the field, I picked up the ball, and started warming up. The pitches were going over well. Now to keep them that way.

Something went wrong. During the first inning, I let two runs cross the plate. I seemed to lose control of the ball. Then came the second inning and, again, the Leonard men scored two runs. By the end of the fourth inning, we were losing 4-2 and my spirits were really low.

When I walked out to the mound at the top of the fifth, I felt that it was now or never. It was now. My confidence restored, I pitched a scoreless two innings. The rest of the team took on new confidence too. They seemed to explode. In the sixth inning, five Buck's Rock runners scored.

Although, by now, we had clinched the game, we were determined to keep on scoring, and we did. In the seventh and last inning, two more runs crossed the plate.

The final score was Buck's Rock 9, Camp Leonard 4. We returned to camp victorious.

ABBY MAIZEL



....sunday, july 30

The benches of the First Congregational Church of New Milford stretched before the Madrigal Group. Between us and the audience sat the organist, half hidden behind his wooden organ. The pipes were lined up behind us.

Dave gave us the signal and we rose. Then the organist threw us a jolly smile and enthusiastically began the introduction. Suddenly, I felt that something was wrong; the organist was speeding. I glanced at Dave and saw him stiffen ever so slightly, indicating that he too felt the change in tempo. The organist played faster, then faster, then faster; by now, he could no longer keep up with himself. Notes were left out, and finally whole phrases were garbled. I gripped my music more tightly, and looked at the sparsely filled benches before me; it seemed as though no one there had noticed anything.

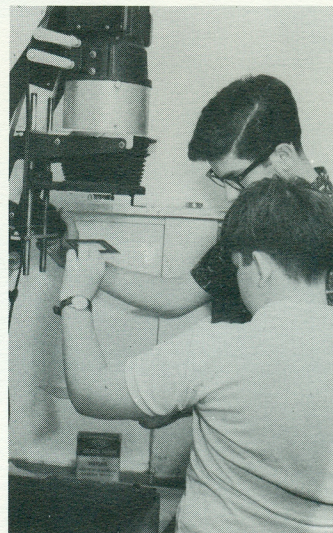
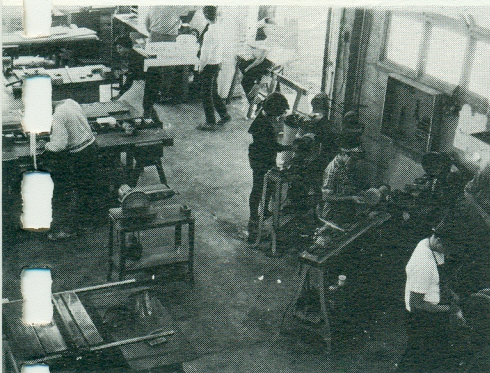
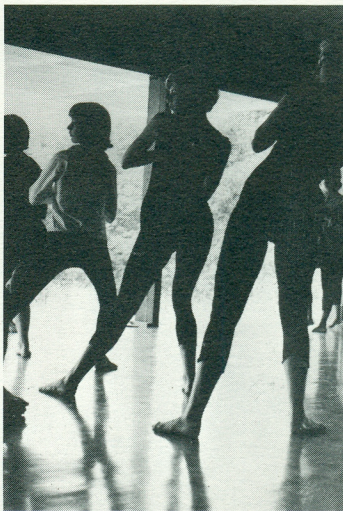
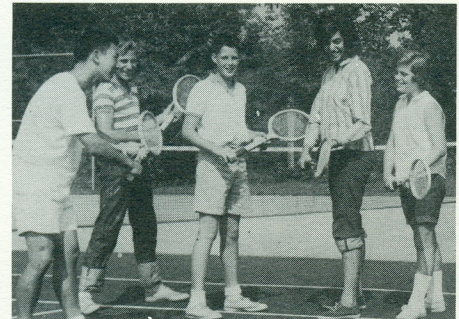
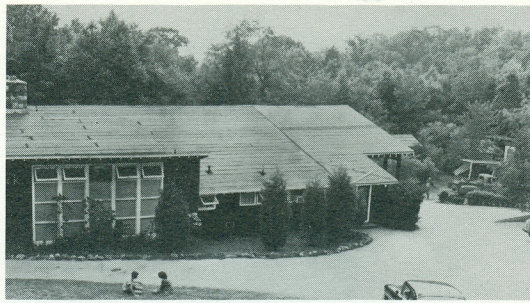
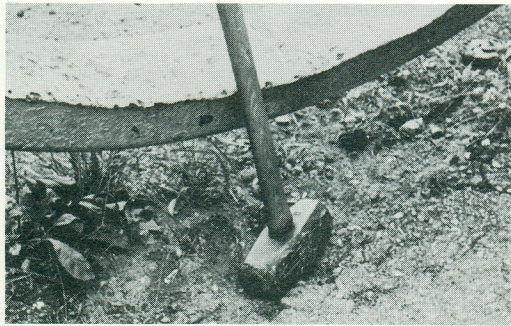
"Perhaps they're used to it," I thought.

Suddenly we heard our cue and off we went! The big pipes boomed and blasted, and although I sang as loudly as I could, I still could not hear myself. Actually, this was fortunate, for by this time we were almost two bars behind the organist. I sang louder, yelled would be the better word. I soon felt my voice cracking beneath its burden.

Faster went the organ; beads of sweat appeared on Dave's forehead as he tried to slow down the organist with one hand and speed us up with the other. Both hands were going frantically at one time, and ---in a flash--- the piece was over....The organist looked down and gave us another jolly smile from behind his organ.

JON YARDNEY





# AUGUST

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		





...monday, july 31

Today was the day I had long awaited. It was the day the calf was born. I had looked forward to this event since the beginning of camp. As days passed and the time came closer, I waited impatiently. At night, I would sleep with my bathrobe at the end of my bed, and pop up at the slightest noise. I thought for sure that the arrival would occur at night.

But it didn't! Not at all. It happened while I was at the stage. I had just pulled my hand out of a can of white paint when I heard the gong. I stopped for a split second. It couldn't be; not now. Then I heard Ernie with the cow bell. Yes, this was it.

My first response was to run with the crowd. Everyone had the same destination---the animal farm. Many ran down the road; others found it easier to run through the fields and woods. No matter where I ran, there were flocks of campers running ahead of me. Finally, I arrived at the entrance gate without a breath to spare.

As I approached the pregnant cow, I heard campers crying out, "We missed it!" I wondered, "What did they mean?" Curious, I came closer. Then I saw it. The calf was already born.

Thoughts ran through my mind. Maybe I had run too slowly. Maybe the calf came out too fast. I later learned that neither of my explanations was correct. When Ernie rang the cowbell, the calf had already been born. Delsey had given birth in absolute privacy. Everyone---including Ronnie and Marty---had missed it.

I was bitterly disappointed. I had so looked forward to the event. Well, maybe next year I'll see it...maybe next year....

ARLENE GEIGER



....tuesday, august 1

Another Macbeth seminar tonight. I think it was one of the best. For once, I lost my shyness and contributed to the discussion. My hand flew up after almost each of Lou's questions. And my answers were good, too.

We discussed the atmosphere of the play and how certain images contributed to the atmosphere. Lou pointed out that darkness prevails throughout the major portion of the play and cited numerous lines and scenes to illustrate the point. We discussed the frequent references to blood (from Macbeth's fear that "these my hands will rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine" to Lady Macbeth's belated awareness that "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand"); also, the allusions to sleeplessness; to violence; and to a world that seemed out of joint. The discussion concluded with an analysis of the characters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth and how many of the external forces of the drama can be felt within them too.

I like the informality of these seminars. It's like being in school without having to worry about homework and marks. At times, I feel as if I'm back in my English class in school where I studied Macbeth this term. In fact, Lou resembles my former English teacher, Mr. Cook, a great deal.

There are still a number of questions in my mind about the play: "Was it inevitable that Macbeth would kill the king?" "What significance can be attached to the 'borrowed clothes' image?" But Stratford is only four days away....I wish there were time for another seminar.

SARALYNNE ABRAMSON



....wednesday, august 2

As I walked through the shop area, past the metal-smithing and ceramics shops, I saw a familiar landmark--- the polka dotted pink pole of the silkscreen shop. In previous visits here, I had learned the rudiments of silkscreen printing and how to make monogrammed stationery, print plastic buttons, and introduce more than one color to a print.

This morning the shop was tackling an even more ambitious project. With Phyllis at the helm, a group of campers was making one of the first prints for "Folio", the literary-art magazine. It wasn't long before I joined in the activity. As I carefully inserted each piece of paper under the screen, I thought of how wonderful a place this small shop was. I watched as another camper pulled the squeegee down over the screen and a third removed the finished print and placed it on the rack. Working together in this manner we had, by the end of the morning, screened some three hundred copies of a print that would soon appear among the pages of creative writing done at Buck's Rock this summer.

Even though I'm not in the shop every day, I look forward to each new visit with eagerness. Maybe it's because of Phyllis's cheery attitude; maybe it's because the process fascinates me; then again, maybe it's because I still can't understand why anyone would want to paint polka dots on a pink pole.

DAVID TRAKTMAN



....thursday, august 3

When I arrived at the Animal Farm this morning, work had already begun. The brigade carrying the pails of condensed milk for the calves had just arrived. Ronnie promptly handed me a bucket of milk and told me to feed Irving, the only calf who had not yet adjusted to bucket-feeding. Irving (a female, by the way) had to be finger fed. As I stroked her brown and white hide, Irving sucked the warm milk from my fingers with her coarse, anxious tongue.

After feeding the calf, I crossed back through the sheep and goat pen, where the animals were devouring fresh hay just carried from the stables. The day was clear and the sun shone through the trees. Only a slight hint of a breeze whistled through the air. Although refreshing, it was not enough to cool off the sweat that was beginning to form on my body.

My next job was to feed Delsey, who only three days ago had given birth to her calf with no one present. While I was busy doing this, others were cleaning out the goat shed, bringing water to the pigs who were lying idly in the mud, and collecting eggs laid by the hens during the previous night.

When Delsey had her fill of oats, I joined a group that was building an extension to the chicken coop. After an hour of digging postholes, hammering, and stretching fence, we decided to call it a day.

What do I have to show for it all? Of course, there's the long red line on the chart in the social hall. But more important than that is the feeling of satisfaction the work has given me.

ANDY HERZ

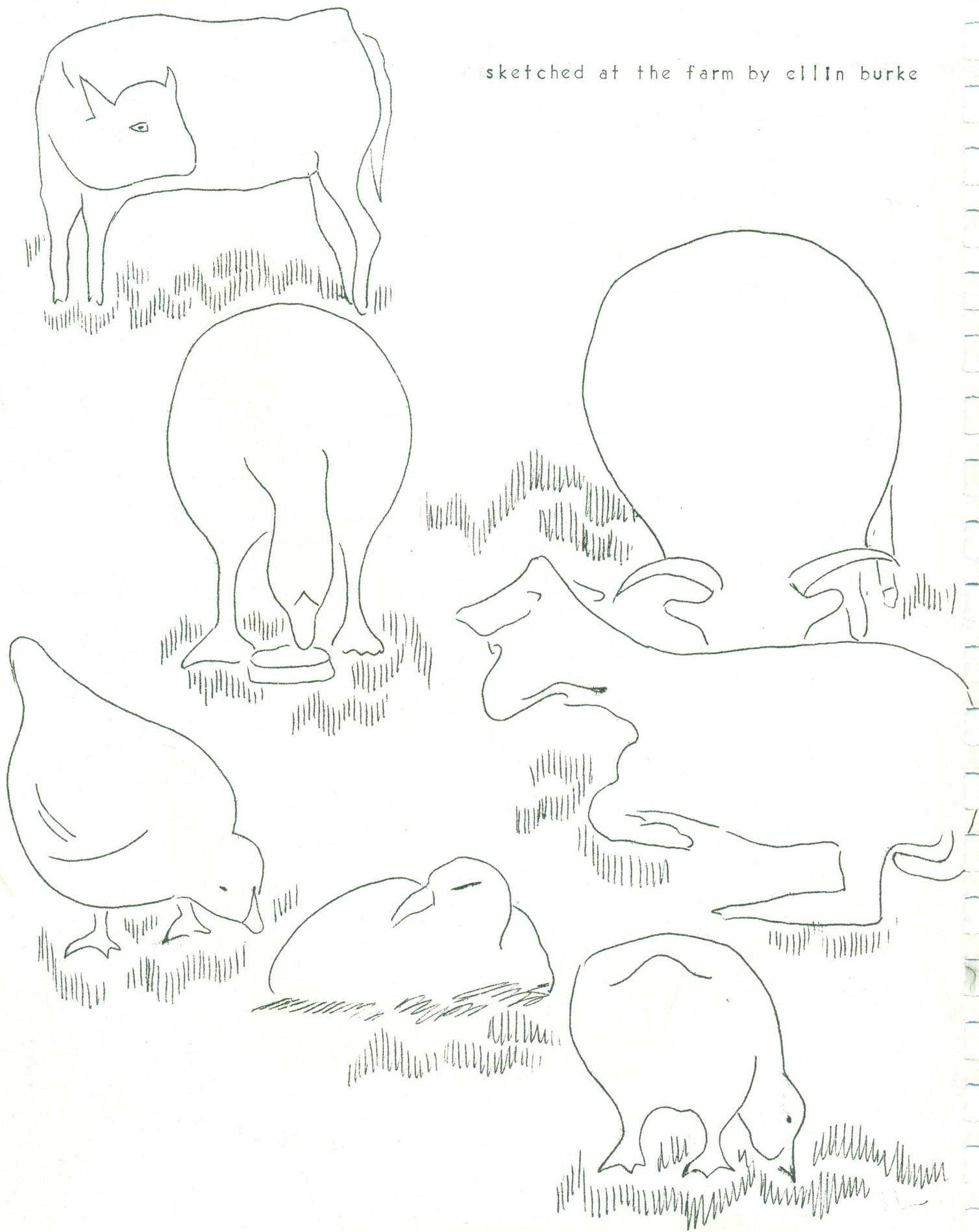




drawn at the farm by caroline zane



sketched at the farm by ellin burke





...friday, august 4

After second breakfast this morning, the huge lavender truck, laden with some thirty junior varsity and varsity players, a box of sandwiches, a huge can of bug juice, bats, balls, masks, and other odds and ends left for Wingdale, New York, where we were to play Kee-Wah in softball, basketball, and volleyball. As the speed of the truck increased, the velocity of the wind gave us the impression of being in a wind tunnel. Each time the truck would turn, those who were standing found themselves on someone's lap.

Upon arriving at Kee-Wah-We Camp for Boys, one of the thousands of competitive, regimented sports camps across the nation, I could actually predict what I would see next: the circular council, the Indian names for all the groups, the plaques commemorating the "honor campers," the huge arts and crafts building, the labeled trees, the nature building, the picturesque lake.

Kee-Wah is pretty on the outside, but I'll take Buck's Rock anytime. We went to Kee-Wah to have fun. Whether or not we won all our games wasn't the important thing. And there lies the big difference between our two camps. A Kee-Wah player who was guilty of an error or a bad play would receive a severe reprimand from the head counselor. By contrast, our team knew that while an error would unnerve them, there would be no one to berate them for their mistakes. Throughout the day, the Buck's Rock team seemed loose and relaxed while the Kee-Wah team seemed under a steady pressure, the pressure to win.

By the end of the day we had played two softball games, one volleyball game, and one basketball ball. Of the four, Buck's Rock won only the j.v. softball game. I remembered what Bernie Unger had said before we left Buck's Rock. He told us that we should play our best, but that victory in each contest wasn't the important thing--- good sportsmanship was.

As our truck left Kee-Wah behind, I thought back to the first inning of the varsity softball game: One Kee-Wah player had looked at a third strike and the head counselor proceeded to berate him for his blunder. From then on, the poor camper seemed to be constantly harassed by the taunts of the counselor.

As our lavender truck bounced along the highway, I was glad to be returning to Buck's Rock again.

ERIC WINSTON



...saturday, august 5

Murder, intrigue, and tragedy are the dominant elements in Macbeth, a thrilling drama of Scottish warriors told by the greatest playwright of all times, William Shakespeare. It is a terrifying play about a good and just man's self-destruction because of ruthless ambition.

Today we saw this play at the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre in Stratford, Connecticut. We were well prepared to enjoy Shakespeare's poetic language and philosophical viewpoint, as Lou Simon had conducted a seminar on the play for several weeks prior to our Stratford excursion. He discussed not only the play but also Shakespeare's times and the historical basis for the plot.

Informed of the play's background, we sat in the darkened theatre. The stage lights came up slowly, and we were on a barren heath in Scotland. Three grotesque creatures were crawling on hands and knees in the dry sands. One of the witches raised her hoary head and cackled to her two sisters, "When shall we three meet again/In thunder, lightning, or in rain?" The play had begun.

The ominous climate created in the opening scene was to continue throughout the entire play. We witnessed, in succession, the murder of King Duncan, Banquo, Macduff's family and finally the downfall of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, victims of their own insatiable ambition. The stage lights dimmed and the house lights came up to return us to the present.

I am sitting on the bus returning to camp. My thoughts are of Shakespeare and of the production we have just seen. My impressions of the performance are not all favorable. The play, which should have been staged with overtones of violent sets and colors, was too dark, drab, and lifeless. Pat Hingle seemed rigid in his portrayal of Macbeth. Jessica Tandy, as Lady Macbeth, gave a somewhat better performance. She brought excitement and a restrained rage to the character. Several supporting actors, including Donald Davis as Duncan, Donald Harren as Banquo, and Richard Warring as Macduff, were commendable.

All in all, it was an enjoyable day even if not the most stimulating of productions.

JON UNGER



# Theatre: Violent Tragedy



Jessica Tandy and Pat Hingle in a scene from "Macbeth"

## 'Macbeth' Is Presented at Stratford, Conn.

By HOWARD TAUBMAN

Special to The New York Times.

STRATFORD, Conn., June 18

—The accent is on action in the rousing production of "Macbeth" that entered the repertory of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre Friday night.

Under Jack Landau's direction, the wide, deep stage with its platforms at the side and rear and its apron and stairs at the front overflows with the movement and violence that Shakespeare's briefest and most bloodstained of tragedies requires.

The witches weave and chant amid thick fumes that fill the auditorium as well as the stage, and their caldron magically appears and disappears. Birnam Wood, on its way to Dunsinane, suddenly sprouts from below the fore-stage. In the battle between old Siward's and Macbeth's men, athletic soldiers vault the castle's moat and leap down from great heights. The whooping and hollering would have pleased the groundlings at the Globe a long time ago, and it will keep today's theatregoers attentive.

Nor are the stir and motion confined to the crowd scenes or to theatrical superficialities. As Macbeth Pat Hingle plays with a sense of physical power. His voice is generally low-pitched and hoarse, as if bursting with a growing fury.

Like other American actors, he has not yet mastered the ease and flexibility of vocal production that would enable him to achieve a wide range of expression by means of nuances of inflection. But his force as a personality and his sincerity as a performer help him to overcome handicaps. His Macbeth has drive and stature.

Jessica Tandy, on the other hand, is in command of the subtleties of articulation. Her Lady Macbeth is a study in leashed ambition and rage. Her appearance has a pale fragility. The evil in her is conveyed by the tight, icy hardness of her speech. The Sleepwalking Scene becomes the surface manifestation of a fierce inner torment in

## The Cast

MACBETH—a drama by William Shakespeare presented by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy, played by Jack Landau, scenery by Robert O'Hearn; costumes by Alamy; lighting by Tharon Musser; music by David Amram; production stage manager, Richard Evans. At the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn.

Duncan	Donald Davis
Malcolm	James Ray
Donalbain	Ted van Gortuysen
Macbeth	Pat Hingle
Banquo	Donald Harron
Macduff	Richard Waring
Lennox	Paul Sparer
Ross	Patrick Hines
Mentith	William Larsen
Angus	Alan Marlowe
Cathness	Bill Fletcher
Siward	Will Geer
The Porter	Hiram Sherman
Macduff's Son	Billy Partello
Lady Macbeth	Jessica Tandy
Lady Macduff	Carrie Nye
	Kim Hunter
The Weird Women	Carla Huston
	Kathryn Loder

which the sepulchral sighs communicate a burden of horror.

Compared with more fevered, shriller Lady Macbeths, Miss Tandy may seem subdued. Laid against the rush and fervor of this production, she may seem at first blush too modest. But there is an undeviating tension that builds the portrait of her "undaunted mettle."

There are able performances throughout the large cast. Donald Davis has dignity as Duncan. Donald Harron is moving as Banquo. Richard Waring is strong and touching as Macduff. Patrick Hines and Paul Sparer are sturdy knights. Hiram Sherman takes full comic advantage of the Porter's momentary comic relief.

Kim Hunter, Carla Huston and Kathryn Loder are properly weird as the witches. Carrie Nye is an affecting Lady Macduff, and Billy Partello, a mere child, is so letter-perfect and so winning as Macduff's son that he all but steals the show.

Robert O'Hearn's set creates atmosphere, and Motley's costumes catch the rough, somber mood of a warrior race embroiled in bloody events. David Amram's music, with its imperious bagpipes and pounding drums, adds to the sense of vigor.

In "Macbeth" the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre has avoided novelty and experiment. It has given the master's coldest chiller an energetic production in which violence, never out of public favor, is transcended by the largeness of his sympathies.









sketched  
at Stratford  
by Ira Siff





.....sunday, august 6

Last week I saw Open City, the third film of the season with Naziism as the antagonist. Wondering at the camp's motivation for showing so many such films, I approached Ernst this morning and asked him about it. He told me that he felt that the germ of Fascism seems still to be breeding; that the way to fight it is to discuss it. The Eichmann Trial appears to have brought this germ to his attention this year.

I tried to suggest to Ernst that the purpose of a motion picture is to entertain, but he countered:

"No, the function of theater is to shock its audience into discussion and action by pointing out the flaws in society." He went on to cite the Greek playwrights' audiences who went to the theater to learn the truth and cleanse themselves of wrongdoing.

For a while, we were silent as he picked up a candy wrapper. I mused that Naziism was certainly an overdone and hackneyed topic. I put my thought to him and he agreed, but then commented:

"It is possible that after seeing so much of Naziism we could become callous to the hideous crimes that were committed. Nevertheless, the only way we can be sure that what happened in Germany will never happen again is by seeing the Nazi crimes often and coming to know them for what they were."

With this, he left me to say hello to some visitors and I left him to ponder my former glibness.

ALLEN SHERMAN



....monday, august 7

All last night I pondered my chances of getting a part in either "The Marriage" or "Dock Brief." This morning, I washed and hurried to the social hall porch to see whom Bill had called for a second reading. My spirits lifted as I saw my name fourth on the list. But I also felt apprehensive, since there were names of twenty other campers on the sheet, each probably as anxious as I to take part in the play.

At the first sound of the work gong, I ran to the stage and joined a nervous group of campers who were trying to hide their true feelings by kidding around. When Bill came out of his cabin and slowly advanced toward the stage, all eyes focused on him. He called us up to the stage and had us, one by one, read from a script. Those who were waiting to read looked warily at each candidate, watched Bill, and kept their fingers crossed. When my call came, I was asked to read for the part of Morgenhall, the lawyer in "Dock Brief." At first, I was very self-conscious, but as the reading proceeded, I drifted into character and eventually forgot the watchful eyes about me.

After the try-out, I ate lunch, read a little, and tried to fall asleep. I couldn't sleep, though, and instead I meandered about the shop area, worrying about my future in the theatre. The wash-up gong rang and I ran to the social hall porch where my eyes automatically sought out the announcement area for the Buck's Rock Summer Playhouse. What a disappointment! The list had not yet been posted. There was nothing to do but to wait for dinner.

After dinner, I glanced in the direction of the stage. I saw Bill approaching, a sheet of paper in his hand. Nobody else seemed to notice him as he tacked the sheet on the board and left. I ran as quickly as I could. There was my name. I had a part in "The Marriage." Now for some much-needed sleep.

DANNY STEIN



...tuesday, august 8

This morning, I felt a sudden urge to play my guitar. It is singularly difficult to describe this urge to someone who has never played a guitar or some instrument similar to it. Nevertheless, the desire to play was overwhelming.

I picked up the guitar, strode out of my bunk, and sat down on the lawn, not far from the badminton court. I took the instrument from its case and started playing. I played nothing in particular, a few snatches here and there of whatever caught my fancy at the time.

A passing camper must have been attracted by my musical concoctions, for she stood listening for a few moments, then sat down opposite me. My little compositions grew more elaborate. Another camper joined the first; I racked my brain for something new to play. By the time a third person arrived, one could readily discern bits of Spanish flamenco mixed with Chicago blues and bluegrass as well as a snatch or two from a Frescobaldi cantata and Beethoven's Fifth. A fourth camper stopped and sat down.

I grew frantic: What could I play? Out came Rodgers and Hammerstein, a bit of vague calypso, then the Smith Brothers Wild Cherry Cough Drop song. As I thundered to a grand finale to the tune of the Overture to the "Flying Dutchman," played bluegrass style, I knew that I had exhausted my repertoire.

I looked a little anxiously at my audience to see how they had taken my musical escapades. One listener picked herself up and walked off. Another yawned wildly, looked at me expectantly, then stretched herself on the crabgrass and chewed on a weed. The third one, I discovered, wasn't listening in the first place. I never quite found out what happened to the last camper.

I sat quietly for a moment or two. Suddenly I knew what I wanted to do. I slung my guitar across my back, picked up my case, and headed for the porch where a crowd of people was gathering around Barry Kornfeld.

JON YARDNEY





LAURA KATZ



....wednesday, august 9

I sat watching the sunset changing colors from pink to grey. The trees swayed gently as I listened to the discussion in tonight's creative writing class. The subject was "The Seven Ages of Man," based on Jacques' speech in "As You Like It." The group was discussing the second stage, boyhood, and this led us into such themes as adventure, restlessness, the beginnings of discipline and learning. Poems were read expressing the feelings, interests, and inquisitive mind of a boy.

I was observing life around me---the people walking back and forth, the ants, the grass. The sky darkened slightly. Now it was time to write. Pencils and paper were handed out, and the listeners and talkers under the old oak tree shifted into more comfortable positions for writing.

At 8 p.m. the gong rang and the mood was broken. The papers were collected and, one by one, we drifted off to other activities.

LINDSAY STAMM



...thursday, august 10

The toss of a coin decided it. The Misanthropes were to bat first. I trooped out to center field and assumed my position.

Earlier, when Ernie Garlechen, the manager of the Neanderthals, took the crumpled piece of paper from his back pocket and began reading off the line-up, I had some tense moments. I knew I could play center field, but did Ernie? Would I get the chance to show what I could do in tonight's game? Well, I got the chance and now it was up to me.

The first two batters struck out, and the next three walked. Bases were loaded and things didn't look too good for the Neanderthals. The next batter stepped up to the plate with confidence. I saw our pitcher wind up and deliver. The batter swung and connected. It was a long fly, sailing, sailing, sailing... dipping... right into center field. I raced in the direction of the ball and then lunged, my glove extended. I felt a sudden pressure on the tip of my glove and squeezed. The ball was mine.

There were two victories in the Watermelon League tonight: The Neanderthals won their ball game and one proud center fielder won a place for himself in future ball games.

JON GOULD



....friday, august 11

I've always enjoyed the walk down to the swimming hole, and today was no exception. It was hot and humid, but the swift pace at which I descended the steep, shaded path soon cooled me off. In fact, by the time I reached the waterfront, some of my desire for swimming had left me.

Not wishing to put the walk to waste, though, I dropped my towel on the shakey railing and approached the water. A quick dip of my toe soon recorded its temperature on my brain. It was cold. Were it not for a gentle push from a friend, I might never have made the plunge.

I swam out to the raft and remained there, sunning myself, until the sound of Sid's whistle informed me that the truck had arrived. In the race that followed--against time and the other campers who wished seats on the truck--I lost.

One thing standing on a moving truck does for you: it cools and dries you quickly. When I got back to camp, all I had to do was slip on some fresh clothes and decide where to spend the rest of the day.

CARL SHEINGOLD



....saturday, august 12

I was changing into my costume for "The Crucible" when the music for my dance began. I couldn't get backstage in time to see any part of it; somehow, I didn't care. I found myself mentally counting and dancing the steps with the four who were on stage. I had already learned everything I was going to learn from this dance, and it already meant everything that it was going to mean to me.

Choreography was a new world to me, and the first two movements I created in this world were created with the hesitation of a baby who is walking for the first time. I started with some music and finally got steps that fit.

After I finished the choreography, I chose people to do the dancing. I thought that the steps were so simple that anyone could do them. But they weren't. I hadn't realized that it was so hard for others to accurately convey the ideas of the choreographer. Maybe that's because everyone dances differently, even though they're doing the same steps, and because each person feels differently about the music and the dance and the ideas that the dance is trying to convey.

After many rehearsals the dance finally began to take shape. And now, tonight, it was almost an anti-climax to the rehearsal worry---the endless counting of music, and the fear that the dance wouldn't be good enough to perform. I had given four people an idea, and they were carrying that idea to others through their performance. I had done everything that I could and it was up to them to bring my ideas to others.

RUTH MEYEROWITZ



....sunday, august 13

As we drove into the parking field at the Litchfield Horse Show, I peeked through the canvas that covered the Big Blue and saw a large chestnut stallion leap over the white painted gates on the Handy Hunter Course. Impatiently, I waited for my name to be called so that I could leave the truck and get a closer look at the animals.

Finally, my name was called. I vaulted from the truck and squinted for a few moments until my eyes grew accustomed to the light. I stared around at the exquisite specimens that were tethered about the hill. As my eyes swept the area, I saw a gorgeous array of bays, chestnuts, whites, grays, dapples, reds, browns, blacks, palamintos, and pintos. Riders, clad in habits of almost as many colors, walked, groomed, and sponged the animals in preparation for the day's events.

It's very difficult to compare what happens on the hill, where horses and riders prepare themselves for entering the ring, with what goes on in the ring itself. On the hill, an air of expectancy provides the undercurrent for the calm bustling of riders and grooms. In the ring, however, the heretofore calm riders suddenly seem to exert themselves and their mounts to the limits of endurance.

The routine in the ring is almost always the same. First, the horses walk around the path, then trot, then do an extended trot, then finally, a canter. In some classes, the animals do an extended canter, a hand gallop. When it's all over, the ribbons are given out.

Buck's Rock Stables didn't win any of the ribbons yesterday, but who cares. The show was a treat to my senses. The sounds of the nervous mares and geldings, the strange lingo of the blacksmith, the pep talks given the riders; the smells of saddle soap, sweat, leather, and hay---these I'll remember for a long time to come.

PHYLLIS RABINEAU



...monday, august 14

The warm rays of the sun shone upon my bunk when I awoke this morning. As time passed, it grew hotter outside and the rays became more devilish. By the time the work gong sounded, the sun, like a flaming fury, had cast her scorching brightness over the entire camp.

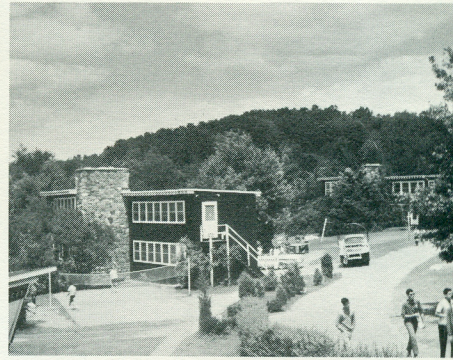
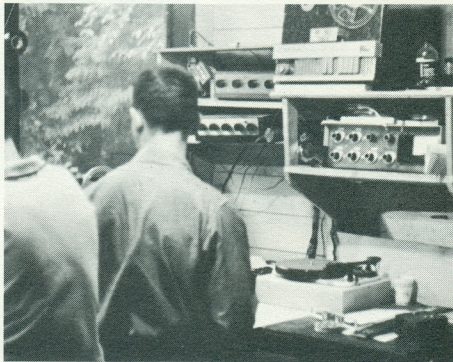
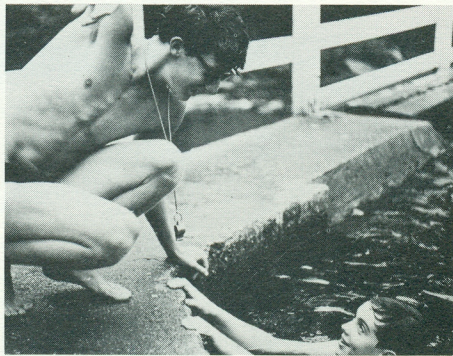
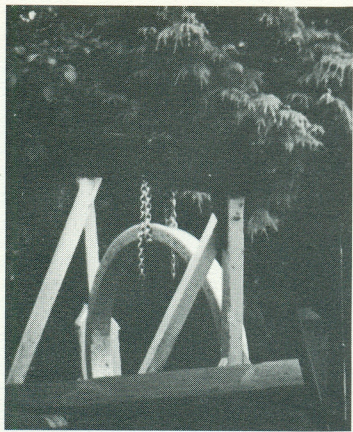
I walked to the photo shop looking for an escape from the heat. I remembered my unfinished work from the previous day and the cool, moist atmosphere of the darkroom. I reached for my negatives from the rows of boxes covering one wall of the shop. Slowly, I made my way through the black maze that led into the lab. A cool blast of air struck my face and I recalled the scorching dryness outside. Much to my surprise, the darkroom was completely empty. A radio played sweet, sentimental music. I was determined to produce exactly what I wanted, and so I worked very slowly this morning.

I turned on the diffused light of my enlarger and adjusted the easel. My picture shone up brightly and I studied the curving form of an abstract photograph I had taken last week. After exposing a sheet of 8X10, I dipped my hands in the cool developing tray, and waited for the picture to materialize. I watched as the image appeared, a blurred shape at first, then the picture with just the quality I wanted. I waited for the right moment to move the photograph on to the next tray and then to the next. What was once a blank piece of sensitized paper had become a work of photographic art.

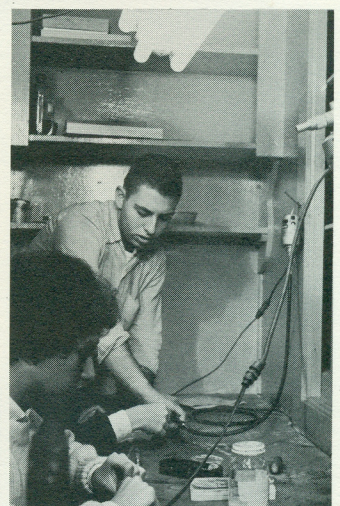
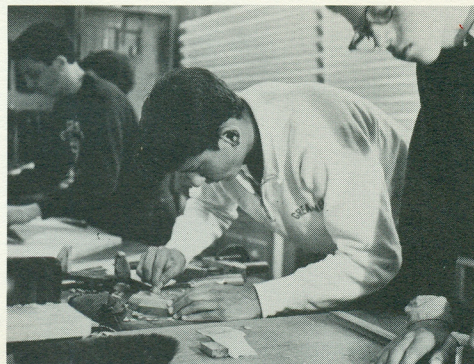
Handing Phil my work, I watched his gray mustache and experienced eyes. After a careful appraisal, he congratulated me. I packed up my materials and walked out of the shop, pleased with my work. The sun again beat down on me, but this time I didn't seem to notice it.

ELLIOT SCHILDKROUT





AUGUST						
Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		





...tuesday, august 15

When Jack Sonenberg told me that I had been chosen to study with Ansei Uchima, our visiting artist, I immediately thought of the fine lectures he gave here last year. The thought of a week of specialized study in the field of contemporary Japanese art excited me very much.

In a few short days Ansei, a warm, friendly man, has already taught us several new and different methods with great ease and patience. Being the only left-handed person in the class, I faced certain obstacles at first, but Ansei guided me and made adjustments to suit my individual needs.

Ansei's is a very direct method of wood cutting and printing which allows you to predict, with considerable accuracy, what the finished product will look like before it is printed.

The tools he uses seem a bit primitive when compared with the printing ink and rollers usually used in the Art Shop. Ansei taught us to use simple water color paints instead of oils and inks, plain brushes instead of rollers to apply the paint, and thin pads to make the impression on the paper.

Ansei, I've learned from talking to him, was born in California and went to Japan after completing high school. Originally, he did oil paintings, but when he found that this medium did not blend with the architecture of Japan, he turned to wood-block prints. Since his return to the U.S. in 1959, he has had many award exhibitions. I consider myself privileged to be one of the dozen campers chosen to work with him this summer.

IRA SIFF



....wednesday, august 16

Rally after rally, volley after volley, the ball shuttled its way across the tennis courts. Diving, then spinning, backspinning, pounding, resounding, rebounding, the ball made its way to the far side of the court. Picking up speed with every drive, the ball whipped its way from side to side. Weaving, then dancing, the ball ripped its way across blurred blacks and whites to find its mark. Farther and farther the ball whirred its way to the unsatisfied sound of hungry tennis rackets. Then the ball was stopped. Squatting between the ball and the other side of the court was an impassive net. All was quiet. Only a breeze rustled the leaves in the trees. Another ball was picked up. Rally after rally, volley after volley, the ball shuttled its way across the tennis court.

JERRY ROBINSON





sketched at the lab by laura katz



....thursday, august 17

According to Sandy, today was a perfect day for cleaning cat bones. I dreaded the task, but who am I to argue with authority? Obediently, I gathered the materials needed for the job. Cleaning bones involves removing any flesh that has not come off the skeleton in papaine. I was told that I could use a toothbrush if I wished. The hard part was bringing myself to the point where I could put my hands in water with a cat's brain floating in it. I was filled with horror at the thought, and didn't hesitate to voice my feelings. But, after several minutes, science triumphed over fear, and I began my task. I became used to what I was doing, and soon the cat's eyeballs became an unnoticed part of the scenery. I grew more and more efficient at polishing the bones, and the job went quickly. Before I knew it, I had finished. Tomorrow I will start to bleach the bones. I can't wait.

KATHY LESSER



.....friday, august 18

Today I felt rather daring as well as a little bored. After a pep talk by Bernie Unger on the fun of riflery, I decided to have a morning of adventure at the range.

Once there, we were given an hour of instruction and safety rules. I started to get a bit shaky when Bernie casually informed us about what those seemingly harmless .22's could do, aside from hitting the target.

But, to quote Bernie, "Riflery takes nerves of steel as well as sure eyes and steady hands." Next we had the orders: "Take your positions on the range...pick up your pieces and adjust your slings...load and lock one round of ball ammunition...safety off...commence firing." I pulled the trigger five times, and each time my stomach jumped. When the round was over, I had a short time for relief, but soon I heard Bernie's voice saying, "Retrieve your targets and pick up new ones." I never thought I'd hit the paper, let alone the black circle; but on retrieving my target I discovered that I had done exceptionally well. This turned out to be a great surprise, and did wonders for my deflated ego.

JONATHAN KAPLAN



.....saturday, august 19

I can't wait until tomorrow! The concert we've all been rehearsing for will be presented in New Milford. The Buck's Rock orchestra, chorus madrigal group, folksingers, and bluegrass singers will perform on Main Street. This year, I'm a member of chorus and I'll be among them.

The concert has always been a highlight of our summer at Buck's Rock. The people of New Milford look forward to the performance, and when it is over we receive letters of appreciation and our pictures appear in the New Milford Times.

Tomorrow, the chorus will sing three selections by Vivaldi, "In Solemn Silence," "The Fisherman," and other choral works. Last year, for the first time in Buck's Rock history, the concert was rained out, but I know that won't happen tomorrow. It can't. Not tomorrow...tomorrow...tomorrow.

RUTH GLATTERMAN.



....sunday, august 20

As I opened the door of the Girls Annex, I was greeted by many familiar sounds---hysterical laughter, low mutters, strumming guitars, and counseling counselors. I entered my bunk, expecting to relax for awhile, but girls were in every corner. Relaxation was impossible. Glancing around, I saw my room through different eyes. It was not just a place to sleep; it was an architectural entity with a personality all its own. Each wall seemed to reflect images of seasons past and seasons yet to come. On one of these walls, years ago, the infamous Zuki had inscribed her undying love for YoYo and thus made a place for herself in Buck's Rock folklore. Her message has by now been obliterated by many, many coats of paint. But Zuki, and Jonnie, and Marsha, and Susie, and Joanne, and Millie, and the hundreds of other campers who once occupied these quarters have contributed to and become a part of Buck's Rock and will never die. As I looked at the clothes strewn about my bunk and the curlers dropped every which way, I marveled at the peripheral trappings that even immortals can't do without.

LORIE MOTTUS





life in a double-decker by debbie slotkin



...monday, august 21

"WBBC, the Bulova Broadcasting Corporation, broadcasting on a frequency of 640 kilocycles per second, is on the air."

These somber words were the prelude to today's usual hour of chaos, affectionately called a radio show. Despite the fact that the program was beautifully logged and the scripts carefully prepared, pandemonium still reigned. Only once or twice did an occasional serious comment or good record manage to mar the zany atmosphere produced by reading stock market quotations, retelling sick jokes, turning mikes on when people least suspected it, and launching water fights in the control room.

Today's show was one of the most popular, reaching a near record audience of five---four campers and one tadpole. As we signed off for the afternoon, it was with a feeling of warmth and joy at having titillated their senses and brought a little laughter into their lives.

TODD CAPP



....tuesday, august 22

A revue, our play, our very own CIT play and we're all in it together. We decided on it, wrote it, picked a director out of a hat, missed chamber music and swimming and all for each other and anyone who wanted to see us....Our once a year night is going to be over in a few minutes and all 52 of us----we happy band of brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews----can remember the first presentation of the plans, the singing of the songs for the first time, and the "bit" planning that turned into a joke telling session....What is going on? This is our very own play. Too short? Too long? Will anyone remember our jokes? Will anyone laugh at all? If anyone laughs half as hard as the writing committee, we'll have plenty of yōks, chortles, giggles and guffaws in the audience....We never thought that it would be written, never ever. The skit that was written when we had ten days left. Too many deadlines for the print shop CIT's to keep straight....It's all ours. We're all in it together. It's funny, it's frolicky, it's a play written, acted, set up, lighted, laughed at, corrected, kibitzed, loved, hated by all of us. Fifty-two CIT's is a lot of CIT's. But it's our once a year night and Santa Claus will soon be here.

LAURA FURMAN



...wednesday, august 23

Today was a mushy, humid, rainy day. So, in the course of events, I went to the metal shop. I was determined to finish my pin today, not tomorrow or the day after. Unfortunately, a streak of bad luck seemed to run through all I touched. No matter what I did--bubbling, soldering, buffing---the pin always came undone.

The crowning blow came in the afternoon. I had set up my pin for resoldering when Bib! came by, put a bracelet mandrel on the soldering bench, and began to pound away. My pin, which was resting on a ledge and attempting to imitate the leaning tower of Pisa, went crashing to the ground. The pin came apart and I exploded.

John looked at me sympathetically: "You're in no condition to solder now. 'Do it tomorrow,'" he urged.

I stomped out of the shop and moped and moped. I'm still moping. Must there be days like this?

MARGARET ROSENBLUM



....thursday, august 24

The Vegetable Farm was unusually active today. Aside from the normal festivities, laborers were "laid off" by the bushelful for disobedience. Margie Gaynes, Nickl Schlansky, and I were among the group of oppressed workers who found themselves unemployed. Seated in a patch of dill, we composed the following Ten Commandments for the guidance of future Vegetable Farm laborers.

1. Thou shalt not annoy authorities except for Bernie Leif, Bernie Filner, Ed Silberman, Richie Spero, and Ronnie Roose.
2. Thou shalt not loaf when being glared at.
3. Thou shalt not steal thy ripened crops unless thou hast slept through breakfast.
4. Thou shalt not demand root beer breaks.
5. Thou shalt not complain of sunstroke after thou recoverest.
6. Thou shalt not be allergic to hay while mulching.
7. Thou shalt not lose thy way in the corn fields.
8. Thou shalt not be devoured by potato bugs.
9. Thou shalt not tamper with "the good book."
10. Thou shalt dump thy weeds upon the Animal Farm.

Ellen Brondfield



....friday, august 25

"Staple gun...masking tape...ladder...lower---no, no, I mean higher...where's the hammer...ouch... here, take my place; I'm due at the stage in three minutes...."

What's happening? The camp seems to have turned into a huge fair ground. Everyone rushes about, putting finishing touches on displays and decorations. The selling stand has been enlarged to make room for all the items that have been produced in the shops and all the vegetables that have been harvested in the fields. The parachutes are up on the lawn. The chairs built by the Construction Crew await their first big test. Rehearsals are in progress everywhere---actors, dancers, fencers, folksingers, musicians, madrigal singers---all putting the finishing touches on their forthcoming performance.

I experienced mixed feelings as I walked through camp this morning. The Festival fervor both excited and saddened me. I was excited by the thought that tomorrow hundreds of people would be visiting Buck's Rock to see for themselves all the wonderful things we do here. But the thought that Festival also means the culmination of our work this summer fills me with sadness. Just a few more days and Buck's Rock '61 comes to an end.

TONI GERBER



....saturday, august 26

*Buck's Rock  
Work Camp  
Annual Festival*



# FESTIVAL PROGRAM

BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP. NEW MILFORD CONN.

SATURDAY . AUGUST 26th 1961 . FROM NOON 'TIL 11 PM

all day.....exhibition of work done in the shops  
in the social hall

science lab exhibits

display of farm animals

exhibit of building done by the  
construction crew

all day and evening

sale of farm and shop products,  
year book and literary magazine  
at our selling stands

1:00 PM.....tennis match at the tennis court

1:30 PM.....riding drill team at riding ring

2:00 PM.....fencing exhibition at badminton court

2:30 PM.....square and folk dance demonstration

4:00 PM.....gala concert at the stage

orchestra and folksingers

chorus and madrigal group

dance recital

6:00 PM.....DINNER WILL BE SERVED TO ALL GUESTS

8:30 PM.....a play at the stage:

"ONDINE" by Jean Giraudoux



....sunday, august 27  
....monday, august 28  
....tuesday, august 29

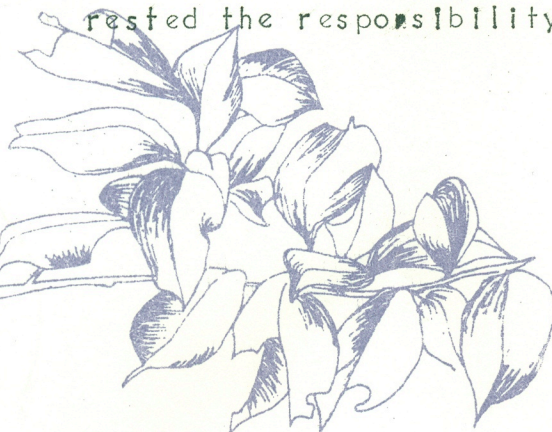
you

take them from here



This is a farewell to Buck's Rock and to  
the eight weeks we have spent here. It's been a short,  
long, happy, sad time - - - working,  
learning, and teaching. For some, the challenge  
was new: This was the first time they had the facilities of a  
camp like Buck's Rock to work with, and  
the people and ideas of Buck's Rock to live with.

For others, the challenge  
was of a different kind: Upon them  
rested the responsibility



of maintaining the  
spirit and freshness of the  
camp once again this year.

The joys of teaching and  
working, learning and then seeing  
the results of our learning

have come to many this summer.

Buck's Rock has been to us what we will make of it in the  
year ahead. If Buck's Rock has become a part of  
us, there can be no separation, there can be no real

farewell



**BUCK'S ROCK directory**



# boys

Joel Adelman  
Harris Alexander  
Danny Allan  
Paul Alper  
Martin Alterman  
Tom Avery

1032 E. 23 St. Bklyn. N.Y.  
21 Coleridge St. Bklyn. 35 N.Y.  
130 St. Edwards St. Bklyn. 1, N.Y.  
440 West End Ave. N.Y. 24  
21-15 34 Ave. L.I.C. 6 N.Y.  
244 Grandview Blvd. Yonkers, N.Y.

CL8 2078 3/24  
DE2 8087  
UL2 5688 11/3  
TR3 4493 5/5  
YE2 2138 5/18  
SP9 3890

Walter Baigelman  
Alan Barysh  
Alan Berman  
Steve Blackman  
Charles Bock  
Peter Bocour  
Harold Bornstein  
Gary Bralow  
Eric Brown  
John Bulova  
Clifford Burke

64-11 99 St. Rego Park 74 N.Y.  
RFD3 Chestnutland Rd. New Milford Conn.  
119 Colonial Pky. No. Yonkers N.Y.  
431 E. Palisade Ave. Englewood NJ  
1120 E. 22 St. Bklyn. 10 N.Y.  
173 Riverside Dr. N.Y. 24 N.Y.  
85-27 Edgerton Blvd. Jamaica Est. NY  
Oak Lane Manor A102 Melrose Pk. Pa.  
21-50 33rd. L.I.C. 6 N.Y.  
50 Elm St. Glens Falls N.Y.  
11 Gold Circle Malverne N.Y.

TW6 9776  
EL4 5420  
WO1 8346 5/3  
LO8 7086 9/28  
CI2 6740  
TR7 7850  
AX1 7711  
CA4 1479  
YE2 3444 5/12  
RX2 3023  
LY3 7515

Robert Caplan  
Todd Capp  
Charles Cummings

100 Whitson St. Forest Hills N.Y.  
3 Peter Cooper Rd. N.Y. 10, N.Y.  
213 Clent Rd. Great Neck, N.Y.

LI4 8505  
SP7 6106 1/9  
HU7 6095

Bruce Dancis  
Gary Davis

2140 E. Tremont Ave. N.Y. 62 N.Y.  
19 Old Farm Rd. Great Neck N.Y.

TA2 0286 5/14  
HU2 4126

David Feibush  
Barnett Friedman  
Carl Friedman

28 Metropolitan Oval Box 62 N.Y.  
5601 Riverdale Ave. N.Y. 71 N.Y.  
33-51 73 St. Jackson Heights N.Y.

UN3 6197  
KI9 9021  
IL8 6455 1/12



Fred Geldon	33 Perth Ave. New Rochelle N.Y.	NE2 5676	7/18
Paul Gellers	65-09 99 St. Forest Hills 74 N.Y.	TW7 8151	
Alfred Gingold	116 East End Ave. N.Y. 28 N.Y.	LE5 5148	3/28
Jonathan Gould	21 Marshal Court Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 2857	7/11
Neal Graham	44 Bway. Lawrence N.Y.	CE9 8804	
Robert Greenberg	156 E. 18 St. Bklyn. 26 N.Y.	IN2 3935	
Harry Greenberger	73-43 185 St. Flushing 66, N.Y.	RE9 3281	
Paul Grootkerk	25 Hillside Ave. N.Y. 40 N.Y.	WI2 5325	
Richard Gross	65-84 Booth St. Rego Pk. N.Y.	IL9 5882	5/25

Jonathon Hecht	16 Eston Ave. White Plains N.Y.	WH8 1352	
Mitchell Heiman	3 Hensley Lane Great Neck N.Y.	HU2 5045	4/13
Wally Hellerstein	285 C.P.W. N.Y. 24 N.Y.	TR4 4821	
Andrew Herz	325 Weaver St. Larchmont N.Y.	TE4 3792	
Richard Hollander	101 Highland Rd. Scarsdale N.Y.	GR2 4116	

Seth Ingram	16 N. Bway. White Plains N.Y.	WH9 5742	
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Edwin Jaros	4 Wind Acres Union Av. Harrison NY	OW8 2223	2/6
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Burt Kamile	154 Westwood Circle Roslyn Hts. NY	MA1 6155	12/2
Ronnie Kamins	158 Ballard Dr. W. Hartford Conn.	AD2 6522	5/9
Larry Kanter	46 Sun Vly. Way Morris Plains NJ	JE9 2945	10/29
John Karakaian	145-16 24 Av. Whitestone 57 N.Y.	FL9 4990	5/3
Jonathon Kaplan	441 W. End Ave. N.Y. N.Y.	SU7 8952	11/25
Alexander Katz	Madison St. Woodmere N.Y.	FR4 1005	
Lincoln Kaye	82-25 209 St. Queens Village 27 NY	HO8 1648	
John Kester	30 W. 70 St. N.Y. 23 N.Y.	EN2 1161	
George Koenig	3361 Richard Lane Wantagh N.Y.	PE1 9078	
Mitchell Kurasch	5210 Bway. N.Y. 63 N.Y.	LO2 7747	7/15

Peter Loeb	42 Lafayette Pl. Woodmere NY	FR4 4844	6/10
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Abby Maizel	2024 E. 4 ST. Bklyn 23 NY	DE9 6698	
Peter Marcin	355 East Shore Rd. Kings Pt. NY	HU7 4498	
Richard Marshall	10 Cambridge Rd. Great Neck NY	HU7 9242	
George Martin	189-54 43 Rd. Flushing 58 NY	FL8 5465	
Andrew Mayer	65 E. 96 St. NY 28 NY	TR6 5614	



Ronald Mayer	40-15 Hampton St. Elmhurst 73 NY	HA6 2690	
Robert Mazur	6 Easton Ave. White Plains NY	WH8 4746	7/6
Jonathan Metric	17 Falmouth St. Bklyn NY	NI8 1962	1/18
Joseph Meyer	80 Griffin Av. Scarsdale NY	SC5 0879	11/27
Mitchell Moss	108-28 68 Dr. Forest Hills NY	LI4 0205	11/21
Robert Muhlfelder	Bx. 3 Cherry Ln. Hollidaysburg Pa.	OW5 1419	

Edward Needle	285 Central Pk. W. NY	TR3 6563	
Lloyd Newman	234 Clent Rd. Great Neck NY	HU2 0644	12/15
Scott Newrock	8 Charles Lane Portchester NY	WE7 5583	11/14
Philip Naigles	48 Seneca Av. Yonkers NY	SP9 4815	6/5

Kenneth Okin	82 Hamilton Av. New Rochelle NY	NE6 3856	
Danny Opatoshu	190 Riverside Dr. NY	TR7 0065	5/7

Tony Perutz	Oneida Circle Harrison NY	TE5 1065	
Daniel Prince	7702 Park Av. N. Bergen N. J.	UN8 9213	12/2
Eugene Packer	76 Kingsley Dr. Yonkers NY	SP9 4487	

Paul Reasenberg	277 Rugby Rd. Bklyn NY	IN9 7839	4/19
Fredric Roberts	1657 E. 23 St. Bklyn NY	CI2 2172	4/30
Jerry Robinson	1 W. 89 ST. NY	TR3 6132	
Bruce Roland	112-44 69 Av. Forest Hills NY	BO8 6800	
Steven Roose	333 Central Pk. W. NY	UN4 0822	
Jonathan Rosenbloom	160 Wellington Av. New Rochelle NY	NE2 6042	10/20

Martin Saltzman	67-64 Austin St. Forest Hills NY	IL9 6829	4/29
Leonard Saphier	Triton Hotel Lido Boh. Sarasota Fla.	388-3794	7/10
Richard Schiff	49 Fonda R. Rockville Center NY	RO6 2619	2/7
Frederick Schiff	7 Old Orchard Rd. New Rochelle NY	NE3 5807	1/10



Elliot Schildkrout	50 Arleigh Rd. Great Neck N.Y.	HU2 9221	5/8
Michael Seymour	3640 Johnson Ave. N.Y. 63 N.Y.	K16 0816	
Carl Sheingold	25 Knolls Crescent N.Y. 63 N.Y.	K18 5624	
Allen Sherman	99 Belmont Circle Syosset NY	WA1 1277	
Peter Shore	191 Pkwy. Dr. Roslyn Heights NY	MA1 6458	5/11
Daniel Shulman	3299 Cambridge Ave. N.Y. 63 N.Y.	K13 7187	
Ira Siff	1731 E. 26 St. Bklyn. N.Y.	ES6 4613	
Richard Simon	7707 Chapel Road Elkins Pk. 17 Pa.	ME5 0795	4/20
David Simon	2922 Parkside Lane Harrisburg Pa.	CE8 1829	1/23
Jeff Snider	845 W. End Ave. N.Y. 25 N.Y.	UN6 0569	
Robert Spitzer	235 Amherst St. Bklyn 35 N.Y.	DE2 7672	6/11
Paul Springer	370 W. 255 St. N.Y. 71 N.Y.	K19 6751	
Danny Stein	55 Elizabeth Rd. New Rochelle NY	NE2 8067	
Lawrence Steiner	7 Rutland Rd. Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 9419	
Albert Steinthal	8 E. 96 St. N.Y. 28 N.Y.	EN9 0354	
Michael Sternchein	135 Central Pk. W. NY 23 NY	EN2 8214	2/10
Barton Stichman	4 Pine Tree Dr. Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 3699	
Jerry Sundheimer	67-76 Booth St. Forest Hills NY	TW7 8218	12/12

Peter Tavalin	647 E. 14 St. N.Y. 9 N.Y.	OR7 3470	
Bobby Thomashow	1351 Higbie St. Valley Stream NY	LO1 7520	
David Traktman	1043 E. 9 St. Bklyn. 30 N.Y.	DE8 9483	7/29
Robert Tuchmann	64-34 99 St. Forest Hills 74 N.Y.	IL9 5878	7/7

Jonathan Unger	102 Stradford Rd. Harrison N.Y.	WO7 3991	5/3
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Jeffrey Weil	6910-108 St. Forest Hills 78 NY	BO1 9077	1/18
Elliot Weinger	23 Flower Rd. Valley Stream N.Y.	RY1 5183	8/3
Max Weinstein	456 Beach 140 St. Belle Harbor 94 NY	GR4 3028	
Jonathan White	90 Riverside Dr. N.Y. 24 N.Y.	TR3 6691	
Andrew Wile	15 Stratton Road Scarsdale N.Y.	SC3 4254	1/4
Frederick Winter	243 Rugby Road Bklyn. 26 N.Y.	UI6 5058	7/8
Eric Winston	48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers 4 N.Y.	YO3 7417	7/22
Jonny Winston	48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers 4 N.Y.	YO3 7417	7/30

Jon Yardney	336 Central Pk. W. NY 25 NY	RI9 1925	
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# girls

Sara Abramson  
Margot Adler  
Ricki Applezweig

1015 Post Road Scarsdale N.Y.  
333 Central Pk. W. NY 25 NY  
3 Sheridan Sq. N.Y., N.Y.

SC5 3095  
AC2 6298  
WA4 8992 11/1

Karen Bassuk  
Amy Berkman  
Judi Berman  
Geri Blitzman  
Helene Blitzman  
Kathy Blyn  
Ellen Brondfield  
Janet Brown  
Ellin Burke

1044 E. 28 St. Bklyn. 10 N.Y.  
33 Bayview Ave. Great Neck N.Y.  
964 E. 9 St. Bklyn. 30 N.Y.  
224-12 Manor Rd. Queens Vil. N.Y.  
360 First Ave. N.Y. 10 N.Y.  
130-16 229 St. Laurelton N.Y.  
30 Holly Lane Roslyn Hts. N.Y.  
1162 E. 7 St. Bklyn. 30 N.Y.  
11 Gold Circle Malvern M.Y.

CL8 6317 8/7  
HU7 6741  
ES7 0828 6/14  
HO5 0206 12/9  
OR3 8113 9/6  
FLI 1354  
MAI 1652  
ES7 1861 11/4  
LY3 9203 3/18

Jill Danzig  
Katherine Davis  
Ellen Davidson  
Naomi Dembe  
Amy Dolgin

1361 Madison Ave. N.Y. 28 N.Y.  
221 E. 21 St. Bklyn. 26 N.Y.  
Overbrook Hospital Cedar Grove NJ  
187 W. 48 St. Bayonne N.J.  
430 E. 20 St. N.Y. 9 N.Y.

SA2 5576 4/11  
UI6 8738 9/9  
CE9 4020 10/6  
FE9 8789 4/29  
GR5 7354 1/28

Jane Endler  
Ellen Engelson  
Jane Evans

21 Hickory Dr. Great Neck N.Y.  
21 Hampton Ave. Yonkers N.Y.  
370 First Ave. N.Y. 10 N.Y.

HU7 1813  
SP9 7638 3/30  
GR5 7262 9/19

Dorrie Faber  
Elizabeth Fain  
Elizabeth Ferber  
Joanne Foster  
Patricia Foster  
Laurie Freedman

226-09 138 Ave. Laurelton N.Y.  
400 Laurel Ave. Providence 6 R.I.  
225 Pk. Hill Ave. Yonkers N.Y.  
11 Ogden Rd. Scarsdale N.Y.  
11 Ogden Rd. Scarsdale N.Y.  
70 Pk. Ave. Ardsly NY

LA5 5887 12/28  
TEI 7444 2/4  
YO9 7525 5/3  
SC3 8714 17/59  
SC3 8714 7/5  
OW3 4127 7/7



Madeline Gabrielson	2115 Ave. L, Bklyn. 10 N.Y.	CL8 9094	3/17
Julie Garfield	285 Central Pk. W. N.Y. 24 N.Y.	SC4 7040	
Margie Gaynes	7336 185 St. Flushing 66 N.Y.	AX7 7751	3/13
Arlene Geiger	16-30 Mandon Pl. Fairlawn N.J.	SW7 8358	
Marjorie Gelb	80 Paine Ave. New Rochelle N.Y.	NE2 6132	2/4
Stephanie Gelb	80 Paine Ave. New Rochelle N.Y.	NE2 6132	2/12
Jill Gertz	22 Fox Meadow Rd. Scarsdale N.Y.	SC3 5420	4/30
Karen Gilmore	30 E. 71 St. N.Y., N.Y.		6/9
Tia Gilston	180 Riverside Dr. N.Y. 24 N.Y.	TR4 1263	
Ruth Glatfelterman	2929 Bainbridge Ave. N.Y. 58 N.Y.	CY8 1326	10/15
Olivia Golden	2727 Palisade Ave. N.Y. 63 N.Y.	KI6 8923	2/12
Lois Gootnick	26 Old Brick Rd. Roslyn Hts. N.Y.	MA1 5036	
Sara Ann Gothelf	495 Rugby Rd. Bklyn. N.Y.	BU2 0125	5/16
Barbara Gould	21 Marshall Ct. Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 2857	
Barbara Green	220-21 77 Ave. Bayside 64 N.Y.	HO4 8621	10/28
Helen Greer	45 Martense St. Bklyn. 26 N.Y.	BU7 5291	7/3
Ellen Grenadier	177 Norman Rd. New Rochelle N.Y.	NE6 3983	
Andi Gurson	524 E. 20 St. N.Y. 9 N.Y.	OR3 6946	

Linda Hirschmann	1280 Somerset Rd. W. Englewood NJ	TE6 1430	9/26
Jane Hyman	55 Lafayette Dr. Port Chester N.Y.	WE9 4412	4/2

Ronnie Janklow	162 Westwood Circle Roslyn Hts. NY	MA1 6528	
Pamela Jonas	105 Lyncroft Rd. New Rochelle N.Y.	NE3 8447	

Marilyn Kaggen	479 Rugby Rd. Bklyn. 5 N.Y.	IN2 0587	9/21
Marcia Kolmenoff	16 Arlington Rd. Scarsdale N.Y.	SC3 9053	
Laura Katz	490 E. 17 St. Bklyn. 26 N.Y.	IN2 8607	
Lydia Kenin	20 Plaza St. Bklyn. 38 N.Y.	ST3 2051	
Jackie Kramer	111 Clent Rd. Great Neck N.Y.	HU2 3523	

Bonnie Lefcourt	63-60 Elwell Crescent Rego Pk. 14	NYTW7 1016	
Connie Lehman	336 Winthrop Rd. Teaneck N.J.	TE7 3603	6/29
Kathy Lesser	45 E. 82 St. N.Y. 28 N.Y.	UNI 2111	7/12
Susan Leubuscher	8301 Bay Pkwy. Bklyn. 14 N.Y.	CL6 8843	6/26
Ronnie Levitt	71-25 Little Neck Pkwy. Floral Pk.	NYF13 8624	8/17
Ann Levy	21-36 33 Rd. L.I.C. 6 N.Y.	AS8 7078	5/16
Lauren Levy	7 Rivercrest Rd. N.Y. 71 N.Y.	KI9 9160	12/6
Nancy Louis	17 Harcourt Rd. Scarsdale N.Y.	SC3 5086	6/7



Carol Schussler	2715 Grand Concourse NY N.Y.	CY8 9589	
Sylvia Schwartz	221-10 Manor Rd. Queens Vil. 27 NY	HO5 4658	
Susan Selvern	516 New Hyde Pk. Rd. New Hyde Pk. NY	PR5 0434	11/27
Lisa Serbin	37 Bank St. N.Y. 14 N.Y.	CH2 1832	9/18
Clara Sheffer	7 Piccadilly Rd. Great Neck N.Y.	HU2 5423	
Karen Shettle	26 Darlwoode Dr. White Plains N.Y.	WH6 4909	6/9
Jo Ellen Silberstein	51 Arleigh Rd. Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 7403	8/7
Michelle Silver	921 Washington Ave. Bklyn. 25 N.Y.	IN2 5729	
Ellen Sloan	86-71 Pinto St. Holliswood 23 Queens	HO5 3682	3/24
Debbie Slotkin	510 E. 20 St. N.Y. 9 N.Y.	YU2 2492	3/4
Laura Smith	1032 E. 28 St. Bklyn. 10 N.Y.	CL3 7720	3/11
Lindsay Stamm	7 Fieldstone Rd. Rye N.Y.	WO7 4991	11/27
Julia Sternschein	135 Central Pk. W. N.Y. 23 N.Y.	EN2 8214	2/13

Donna Teicholz	17 Lake Rd. Lake Success N.Y.		1/10
Jill Tolleris	390 E. End Ave. N.Y. 24 N.Y.	TR3 4859	9/19

Bette USCott	15 E. 75 St. N.Y., N.Y.	RH4 5851	10/10
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Elizabeth Waldman	184 President Ave. Prov. 6 R.I.	PL1 1511	7/23
Naomi Walfish	157 Beaumont St. Bklyn. 35 N.Y.	NI8 8515	
Kathy Weingarten	Munson Rd. Pleasantville N.Y.	RO9 2551	1/13
Jessica Weinstein	15 N. King St. Malvern N.Y.	LY3 8642	
Ellen Weissberg	23 Eric Ave. Hewlett L.I.	FR4 2979	6/26
Leta Weiss	540 E. 20 St. N.Y. 9 N.Y.	SP7 0583	2/21
Marla Weiss	540 E. 20 St. N.Y. 9 N.Y.	SP7 0583	11/22
Susan Weiss	682 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. 26 N.Y.	IN2 3329	12/2
Joy Wener	215 E. 79 St. N.Y. 21 N.Y.	RE4 4022	6/10
Carol Wolfenson	94-10 64 Rd. Rego Pk. 74 N.Y.	IL9 0452	2/16

Leslie Yarvin	138 Shoreward Dr. Great Neck N.Y.	HU7 2826	6/7
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Caroline Zane	130 Havilands Lane White Plains NY	WH9 9322	2/9
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**cit's**

Jerry Alpern

41 W. 82 St. NY24

EN2 8460

3/21

Tom Bellfort  
Jonathan Berman  
Edward Bramson  
Mitchell Brauner  
Eugene Brodsky  
Charles Brody

390 West End Ave. NY  
55 East End Ave. NY  
87-16 178 Pl. Jamaica NY  
52 Sunlight Hill Yonkers NY  
275 Central Pk.W. NY  
3948 47 St. LIC NY

TR7 3253  
LE5 9440  
RE9 1005  
Y05 2980  
TR4 3189  
RA9 8452

9/30  
12/17  
1/14  
9/19

Arthur Cohen  
Marcia Cohen

108-56 66 Ave. Forest Hills 75 NY  
35 Winthrop St. Bklyn. 25 NY

1L9 9238  
BU2 3710

6/15

Eric Delson

16 W. 77 St. NY 34 NY

TR7 1026

1/18

David Englander

82 French Ridge New Rochelle NY

NE6 2945

11/8

Lyle Fain  
Laura Furman

400 Laurel Ave. Prov. 6 R.I.  
680 W. End Ave. NY, NY

TE1 7444  
MO6 0084

11/11  
11/19

Simon Geiger  
Toni Gerber  
Charles Gershwin  
Abby Gilmore  
Jesse Girard  
Mairanne Glick  
Andrew Goldberg  
Wendy Goldhirsch  
Leonard Goldstein  
Judy Gorman  
Marsha Guggenheim  
Kathy Gunz

314 Lee Ave. Yonkers NY  
420 W. End Ave. NY 24 NY  
240 First Ave. NY 9 NY  
30 E. 71 St. NY 21 NY  
Winding Rd. S. Box 634 Ardsley NY  
124 W. 79 St. NY 21 NY  
69-10 108 Forest Hills 75 NY  
109-20 71 Rd. Forest Hills 75 NY  
2602 Ave. N. Bklyn. 10 NY  
28 Metropolitan Oval Bronx NY  
101 Grason Pl. Teaneck NJ  
4 Washington Sq. Vil. NY

Y08 5108  
SU7 9059  
OW3 4288  
TR4 4997  
L14 4847  
L14 0645  
CL2 5501  
TA3 7925  
OR4 2732

2/22  
10/4  
1/13  
10/27  
10/28  
3/12  
7/13  
4/2  
6/9

Paul Hirsch

173 Riverside Dr. NY 24 NY

TR3 3657



Jill Kamp  
Karl Knobler

714 80 St. No. Bergen NJ  
239 Central Pk. W. NY 24 NY

UN9 0584  
SU7 3265 4/23

Ellen Sue Leinwohl  
Martin Liebowitz  
Kenneth Luksin

15 Beach St. Great Neck NY  
1589 Ocean Ave. Bklyn. NY  
298 Lee Ave. Yonkers NY

HU2 4523 4/29  
CL2 5075  
YO3 6442 5/3

Ruth Meyerowitz  
Andrew Milman

129 Colridge St. Bklyn. 35 NY  
15 Farmers Rd. Great Neck NY

NI6 7516 7/12  
HU7 4562 4/4

Herbert Neubauer

5264 Independence Ave. NY 71 NY

KI9 7702 12/29

Peter Orris

243 W. 12 St. NY NY

WA4 1444 10/7

Judith Prince

7702 Park Ave. No. Bergen NJ

UN8 1213 7/28

Joseph Ransohoff  
Fred Romm  
Ronald Roose  
Beth Rosenberg  
Susan Rosenberg  
Richard Rubin  
Dave Ross  
Elliot Ross

140 Riverside Drive NY 24 NY  
1631-52 St. Bklyn. NY  
333 Central Pk. W. NY  
224-12 139 Ave. Laurelton NY  
222 W. 83 St. NY 24 NY  
103 Hilltop Acres Yonkers NY  
369 Bleeker St. NY  
550 Bard Ave. Staten Island NY

SU7 6432 4/18  
HY4 7354 4/13  
UN4 0822 12/24  
LA5 6497 5/18  
LY5 0665 8/2  
YO3 8732  
WA9 1995 3/3  
SA7 9434 3/1

Joel Schiller  
Alfred Secunda  
Richard Spiro  
Sue Steiner

92 Lincoln Rd. Bklyn. NY  
144-55 70 Rd. Flushing NY  
165 Pinehurst Ave. NY 33 NY  
7 Rutland Rd. Great Neck NY

IN2 5171 12/1  
BO8 8857 7/25  
LO8 4230 9/28  
HU7 9419 9/24

Ellen Taussig

175 W. 76 St. NY 23 NY

TR4 1384 12/6

Seth Wigderson  
Eugene Weiss

198-22 McLoughlin Ave. Hollinswood NY  
960 Sterling Pl. Bklyn. 13 NY

PR8 2542 3/12

Charles Zerner

148-25 89 Ave. Jamaica 35 NY

JA6 4970



jc's

Barbara Bulova	50 Elm St. Glens Falls NY	RX2 3023	5/27
Alice Cohon	4618 7 Ave. Bklyn. 20 NY	GE6 5350	5/29
Bernard Filner	105-23 63 Ave. Forest Hills 75 NY (Oberlin College. Oberlin, Ohio.. Freshman Dorms)	TW6 0193	12/16
Alfred Ghene	18 Bronson Ave. Scarsdale NY	SC3 2552	
Kenneth Golden	2727 Palisade Ave. Riverdale 63 NY 57 Second Street Troy NY (RPI)	K18 3810	3/9
Jay Gottlieb	303 Beverly Rd. Bklyn. 18 NY	GE5 0198	6/22
Herbert Greenspan	4 Withington Rd. Scarsdale NY	GR 2 2684	2/20
Hal Lenke	44 Second Ave. Pt. Washington NY	PO7 7877	10/26
Howard Lester	150 Chittenden Ave. Yonkers NY	SP9 4276	10/16
Paul Rabinow	39-14 47 St. Long Island City NY	ST4 1751	6/21
Edward Silberman	140-14 28 Rd. Flushing 54 NY	FL8 2633	12/28
Sue Slovak	707 Wildwood Rd. W. Hempstead NY	IV9 4607	
Jenny Snider	33-68 21 St. Long Island City 6 NY	RA1 4215	
Charles Stein	99 Longview Terrace Yonkers NY	SP9 2114	
Richard Trilling	552 Maitland Ave. W. Englewood NJ	TE6 5369	5/17
Carol Tuchmann	64-34 99 St. Forest Hills 74 NY	IL9 5878	7/29
Jo Ann Zerlin	Stratford Rd. Harrison NY	WO7 2570	7/31





PEOPLE AROUND CAMP BY LAURIE LEVY



# staff

ERNST AND ILSE BULOVA 300 Central Pk. West NYC TR2 2702

JESS AND DORIS ADLER E. 196 Concord Dr. Paramus NJ COI 9054  
DAVID AND ANNA ANTON 1339 Boynton Av. Bx. NYC T12 6858  
MARK ANTON 1339 Boynton Av. Bx. NYC T12 6858  
HARRY ALLAN 130 St. Edwards St. Bklyn. NY UL2 5688

RITA BENSON 7 Monfort Dr. Huntington NY MY2 6994 12/30  
LYNN BROWN 138-22 78th Av. Flushing NY 9/20

CHARLES CANTOR 804B New Hall Columbia Univ. MO6 9000 8/26  
THELMA CATALANO 80 La Salle St. NY Apt. 15E R19 7193  
ALBERT CHANG 188-06 87 Dr. Hollis NY SP6 3897 6/7  
PATRICK CLARKE Hillsdale School 5400 BedBank Rd. Cincinnati O.

RONNIE DANZIG 553 Manor Rdge. Rd. Pelham Man. NY PE8 3739  
5530 S. Dorchester Av. Chicago 37 Ill. HY3 2639

MARTIN EIDELBERG 1064 Manor Av. NYC T12 3918

ANNA FANNING 1605 56 St. Bklyn. NY ULI 9205 2/23  
RICHARD FREEDMAN 15 Kensington Oval New Rochelle NE3 7077  
370 Temple St. Yale Law School 8/10  
New Haven Connecticut  
GORDON FREUND 83-85 116 St. Kew Gardens NY V19 1070

MARTIN GANZGLASS 2825 Webb Ave. NYC K13 4408 4/1  
JACK GOLDMAN 2162 Creston Av. NYC WE3 9869  
jack the ripper Union Valley Rd. Mahopac NY MA8 6035  
BARRY GILBERT 2386 Ryer Ave. NYC FO4 1608 2/19  
STEVE GOLDSTEIN 3061 Edwin Ave. Fort Lee NJ 1/30  
EDWARD GREER 45 Martense St. Bklyn. NY BU7 5291  
HEDY GROOTKERK 25 Hillside Av. NYC W12 5325  
ERWIN GORLACHEN 52-51 Little Neck Pkwy Little Neck L.I.

ALAN HACK 85 Strong St NYC K16 3058  
DENA HIRSCH new address not known now  
JOHN HOLZ 119-40 Union Pk. Kew Gardens NY  
Box 651 Lehigh University Bethlehem Pa.



SANDY AND EDITH JASON	42 Gilbert Lane Plainview NY	WE5 8460	
DAVID AND JEAN KATZ	67-42 Ingram St. Forest Hills NY	BO8 6346	
ANNA KARAKALAN	145-16 24 Ave. Whitestone NY	FL9 4990	
ROSALIND KATZ	975 Walton Ave. Bx. NY	CY3 3487	
BILL AND MURIEL KORFF	577 Grand St. NYC	OR3 4951	
BARRY KORNFELD	105-10 65 Rd. Forest Hills NY	IL9 0204	11/9
RICHARD LEE	40 Barker Ave. White Plains NY	ROI 2513	11/9
BENEDICTA LEVINE	400 W. 58 St. NY	CI6 0858	
BERNIE LEIF	39 Ocean Ave. Bklyn NY	UL6 7710	
SUSAN METRIC	Stratton Hall Jackson College Medford Mass. 17 Falmouth St. Bklyn NY	NI8 1962	6/3
DAVID PINES	1595 Unionport Rd. NYC	TA2 0957	
JOAN PUGLIESE	1236 Virginia Av. NYC	UN3 0243	
ROBERT REASENBERG	277 Rugby Rd. Bklyn. NY	IN9 7839	4/27
CAROL REIDEL	153 Suffolk St. NYC	OR4 2953	11/1
ENID RHODES	80-34 Kent St. Jamaica Estates NY	JA3 8753	6/3
PHYLLIS ROBERTS	1657 E. 23 St. Bklyn NY	CL2 2172	5/11
ROBERT SACKS	965 Hoe Av. NY (expects to move)	WY1 0946	
SIDNEY SCHWAGER	46 E. 92 St. NYC	LE4 0178	6/2
ALAN SALTZMAN	67-64 Austin St. Forest Hills NY	IL9 6829	
SEYMOUR & JOYCE SIMON	232-03 67 AV. Bayside NY	B/4 6572	
LOU & SYBIL SIMON	1901 Grand Concourse NYC	LU3 6533	
JAMES SLATER	200 W. 54 St. NYC	CI6 9488	7/12
JACK & PHOEBE SONENBERG	217 E. 23 St. NYC	MU3 6719	
WILLA DE SOUSA	64 Spring St. Albany NY		
MARVIN STEINGART	2141 Starling Av. NYC	TA2 2261	5/8
CARL TANNENBAUM	1272 Noble Av. NYC		
PHIL & ARNIE TAVALLIN	647 E. 14 St NYC	OR7 3470	
BERNY & BARBARA UNGER	32 Mark Lane New City NY	NE4 3408	
BARBARA UNGER (miss)	5825 Woodlawn Av. Chicago ILL.	BU8 6610	
	3666 Beacon Dr. Cleveland O.	IN4 9059	
JULIA WINSTON	48 Sunlight Hill Yonkers NY	YO9 3309	
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Barbara Bulova JC  
Sue Slovak JC  
Jenny Snider JC  
Carol Tuchmann JC  
Joann Zerlin JC

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Bob Sacks  
Eddie Greer  
Annie Karakalian  
Barry Kornfeld



# thanks to

NURSES.....Carol Reidel  
Anna Fanning  
Lynn Brown

DOCTOR.....Noah Barysh

CHEF.....Mario Petrucelli

SECOND COOK.....John C. Padron

BAKER.....Christian Beyer

KITCHEN STAFF.....Etim A. Essien  
James H. Hardy Jr.  
Phillip Maundu  
Nathaniel Moore  
Adebisi M. Olusanya  
Emmanuel J. Utuk  
Powell Woodson

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Rosalind Katz  
Barbara Unger

SHOPPING.....Mark Anton  
Benedicta Levine

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Lou May Kelly  
Marguerite F. Kelley  
Dorothy E. Papilowski  
Harriet L. Stevens





from gary bralow's  
sketch pad







from gary bralow's  
sketch pad













....a fate worse than death - Levittown

...the birth of the calf?

...when the print shop went on strike

...readers' indigestion

...papaine

...the drought

...our ever-victorious varsity collage team

...a copper gong

...there are always two possibilities

**we remember**

...the leaning gong

...sugar-lips shapiro

...print shop poetry

...oliver, douglas, and sebastian

...a pink with white polka-dots shop

...cherry pie a la kerosene

...david ben kaplan

...this is not a toothbrushing camp..but we do

...snow storms at the print shop

...who discovered ladies?

...local 52 of '61

...macbeth with a southern accent



...reactionary reasenberg

...the gene weifss fennis tournament

...willla the woo

...In the synogogue of my heart

...the night watchman

...don't ask what buck's rock can do for you - ask

what you can do for buck's rock

...what now? now what?

...N M V

...music for therapy

...flying saucers

...stenefax..gestefax..phillofax

...phone call for joy wener

...hey, matzoh ball

...the copies of macheth?

...handy herb

...the robust red

...WUZZA WUZZA

...dada moose

...hold your water



MY NAME IS.....

MY FAVORITE COUNSELOR IS.....

MY FAVORITE CAMPER (aside from myself) IS.....

MY FAVORITE TRUCK IS THE.....

MY FAVORITE SHOP IS.....

WHAT I LIKE TO DO THERE IS.....

WHAT THEY LET ME DO THERE IS.....

MY FAVORITE NUMBER OF TIMES FOR HAVING THE GONG RUNG IS.....

MY FAVORITE GUITAR BELONGS TO.....

MY FAVORITE HANGOUT IS THE.....

I'D RATHER HUSTLE IN FRONT OF ..... THAN ANYONE ELSE

THE ANIMAL AT THE ANIMAL FARM THAT SMELLS THE BEST IS THE.....

MY FAVORITE VEGETABLE AT THE VEGETABLE FARM IS THE.....

MY FAVORITE TOPIC OF CONVERSATION AFTER LIGHTS OUT IS.....

THE PROJECT I DIDN'T COMPLETE THE BEST WAS.....

MY FAVORITE CAMP, FIRST, LAST AND ALWAYS IS B R W C







## we goofed

WE OMITTED OUR VERY  
SPECIAL THANKS ON THE  
"THANK YOU" PAGE TO  
HEDY GROOTKERK  
MARTY EIDELBERG and  
ARNIE TAVALLIN  
for their devotion  
to that never ending  
job of seeing to it  
that mealtime runs  
smoothly and well.

### OUR HUMBLEST APOLOGIES

There are many people in the camp  
Who deserve an article and lots of praise  
But we are limited by space  
As the summer only has so many days...

Perhaps many of our readers have seen  
Some of our inadvertant oversights ---  
Nothing about theater workshop!  
Nothing about overnights!

Turning our attention to the stage  
Many omissions are found --  
Annie's costumes, Willa's stage sets,  
And of course, lighting and sound...

The poetry sessions; pioneering,  
Not to mention the fencing class  
So many worthy aspects of camp  
That we just permitted to pass!

We did the aluminum house and girls' annex  
Which was only right and nice  
But found no corner of the summer  
To tuck in the other 'hice'...

Maintenance, we apologize,  
And electrical equipment, too  
For you, and all the others know  
That, at least, we were thinking of you...

MADELINE GABRIELSON for the staff

ON THE "WE REMEMBER PAGE"....omitted was ....morgenstrasse 46

THE DRAWING OF GUITAR PLAYERS NEXT TO JULY 19 was done by Margaret Rosenblum

ON THE BACK OF THIS PAGE someone spelled Barry's last name with a C..it's K  
and John Holz Incorrectly

FRIDAY, JULY 21 - 7 lines from bottom....receive

SUNDAY, JULY 30 - 11 lines from bottom....hear instead of here

FRIDAY, AUG. 4 14 lines from the bottom..omit ball..substitute game

WEDNESDAY JULY 26 the author is ELLEN WEISBERG

LAURA FURMAN WROTE THE FAREWELL



## GIRLS

AMY BERKMAN	BIRTHDAY 3 /26
ELLEN BRONDFIELD	birthday 5/12
ELLEN BURKE	Malverne -
ELIZABETH FERBER	YO 9 7524
KAREN GILMORE	30 E. 71st St. RH 4 4220
LAURA KATZ	birthday 4/23
BONNIE LEFCOURT	63-60 Elwell Cres. Rego Park, 74
ISABEL NEUSTADT	620 W. 239 St. KL 9 5042
MARY ELLEN ROSS	birthday 11/29
CAROL SCHUSSLER	2715 Grand Concourse birthday 11/23
KAREN SHETTLE	26 Earlwoode Drive WH 6 4909
JILL TOLLERIS	390 West End Ave.
NAOMI WALFISH	157 Beaumont St. birthday 5/1
ELLEN WEISBERG	Erick Ave.

## BOYS

TODD CAPP	CA 8 1855
PAUL GROOTKERK	birthday 8/23
SETH INGRAM	birthday 5/15
BOB MAZUR	6 Boston Ave. White Plains, N.Y. WH 8 4749
DANNY PRINCE	UN 8 1213

## CIT & JC

EDDIE BRAMSON	37-16 108 Place
ABBY GILMORE	30 E. 71 St. RH 4 4226
JILL KAMP	birthday 11/4
RUTH MEYEROWITZ	129 Colridge St. Brooklyn 35, N.Y.
ANDY MILMAN	15 Farmers Rd. Great Neck, N.Y. HU 7 4362
PETER ORRIS	243 W. 12St. N.Y. 14, N.Y. WA 4 6648 birthday 10/7
DAVE ROSS	3 69 Bleecker St.
RICHARD SPERO	165 Pinehurst Ave. LO 8 4230
JOEL SCHILLER	92 Lincoln Rd. Brooklyn, N.Y. IN 2 3171 birthday
Sue SLOVAK	birthday 8/18 12/4
SETH WIGDERSON	198-22 MacLoughlin Ave. Holliswood, N.Y. 12/26

## STAFF

ALAN HACK	35 Strong St. Bronx 68, N.Y. KI 6 3058
JOHN H OLTZ	N.Y. CI 4 4628
BARRY CORNFELD	105-10 65th Rd. Forest Hills, 75 N.Y. 11/7
DAVID PINES	Nittany Halls 32 Penn State U Univ. Pk. Pa. (also home)
CARL TANNENBAUM	1272 Noble Ave. Bronx 72 TI 2 6064



july 4-15

## photo credits

july 16-31

social hall.....ROBERT SPITZER  
electronics shop.....NEAL GRAHAM  
fixing a saddle.....PAUL GELLERS  
painting a canvas.....LARRY STEINER  
weeding.....PAUL GELLERS  
turning a bowl.....NEAL GRAHAM  
gouging wood.....JON WINSTON ?  
at the mimeo press .....ELLIOT SCHILDKRAUT  
criticism by phoebe.....CHUCK GERSHWIN  
at the drill press..... ??  
stage sets.....NEAL GRAHAM  
dance.....NEAL GRAHAM  
ernie at the campfire....NEAL GRAHAM  
rear of cow.....JON HECHT  
winnie visits camp.....MARTIN ALTERMAN

house of bernarda alba....CHUCK GERSHWIN  
orchestra.....CHUCK STEIN  
new calf.....PETER SHORE  
forum.....MARTIN ALTERMAN  
african problem.....MARTIN ALTERMAN  
ceramic shop .....ELLIOT SCHILDKRAUT  
potters' wheel.....BOB MAZUR  
weeding.....NEAL GRAHAM  
guitar lesson.....CHUCK GERSHWIN  
"the visit".....PETER SHORE  
chorus ..bass section....CHUCK STEIN  
baseball.....LARRY STEINER  
tanglewood.....NEAL GRAHAM  
rick lee.....MARTIN ALTERMAN

AS WE GO TO PRESS TWO PICTURES HAVE NOT YET  
BEEN IDENTIFIED.....WE ARE SORRY TO OMIT CREDIT



august 1-15

dining room.....CHUCK GERSHWIN  
painting scenery.....ERIC BROWN  
in the photo shop.....NEAL GRAHAM  
construction.....MARTIN ALTERMAN  
two girls in metal shop.....JANE TAVALIN  
dancers in studio.....NEAL GRAHAM  
four dancers.....ELLIOT WEINGER  
stratford..after the show.....SETH WIGDERSON  
dancer's feet.....JAY GOTTLIEB  
tennis.....NEAL GRAHAM  
interior of woodshop.....NEAL GRAHAM  
archery.....NEAL GRAHAM

august 16-29

wbbc.....NEAL GRAHAM  
shelling peas.....PETER TAVALIN  
sound department.....MARTIN ALTERMAN  
metalsmithing shop.....JON WINSTON  
science lab.....??  
art shop.....JON WINSTON  
ping pong.....TONY PERUTZ  
digging a hole.....PETER TAVALIN  
singing on porch.....TONY PERUTZ  
swimming.....NEAL GRAHAM  
gong.....BOB MAZUR  
houses .....ELLIOT SCHILDKRAUT

photo of ilse...TONY PERUTZ

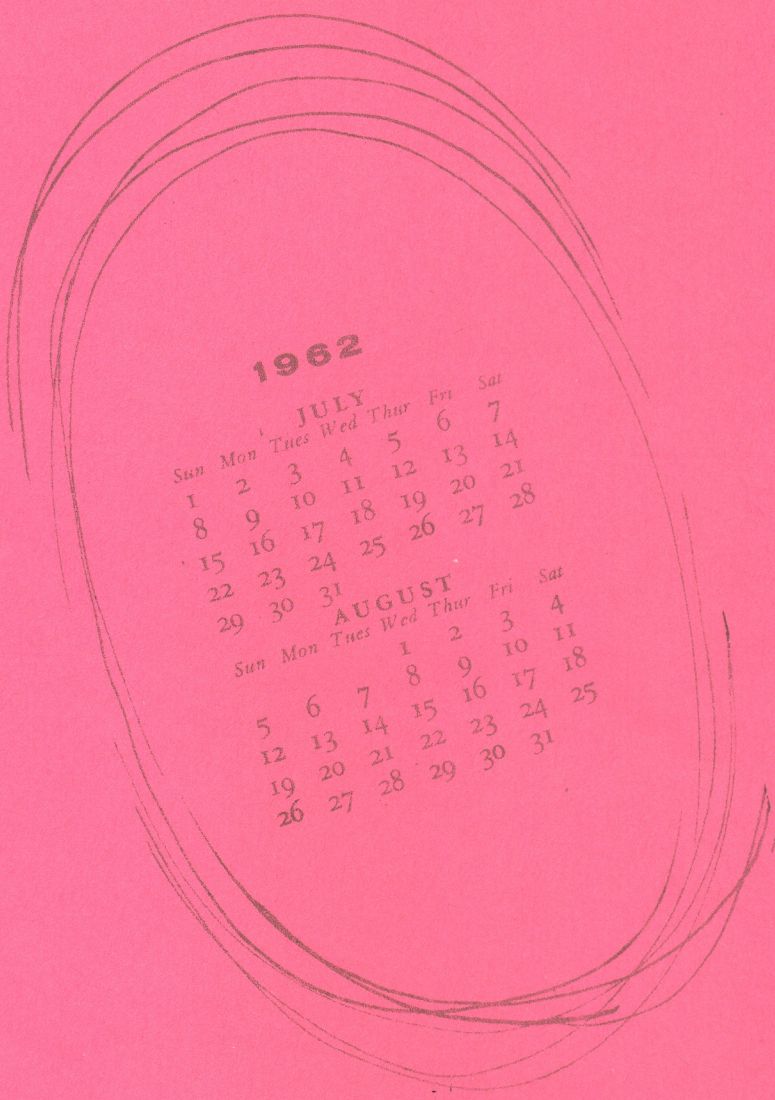
photo of ernie.....CHUCK STEIN

PHOTOGRAPHS ON ART PAGE BY CHUCK GERSHWIN

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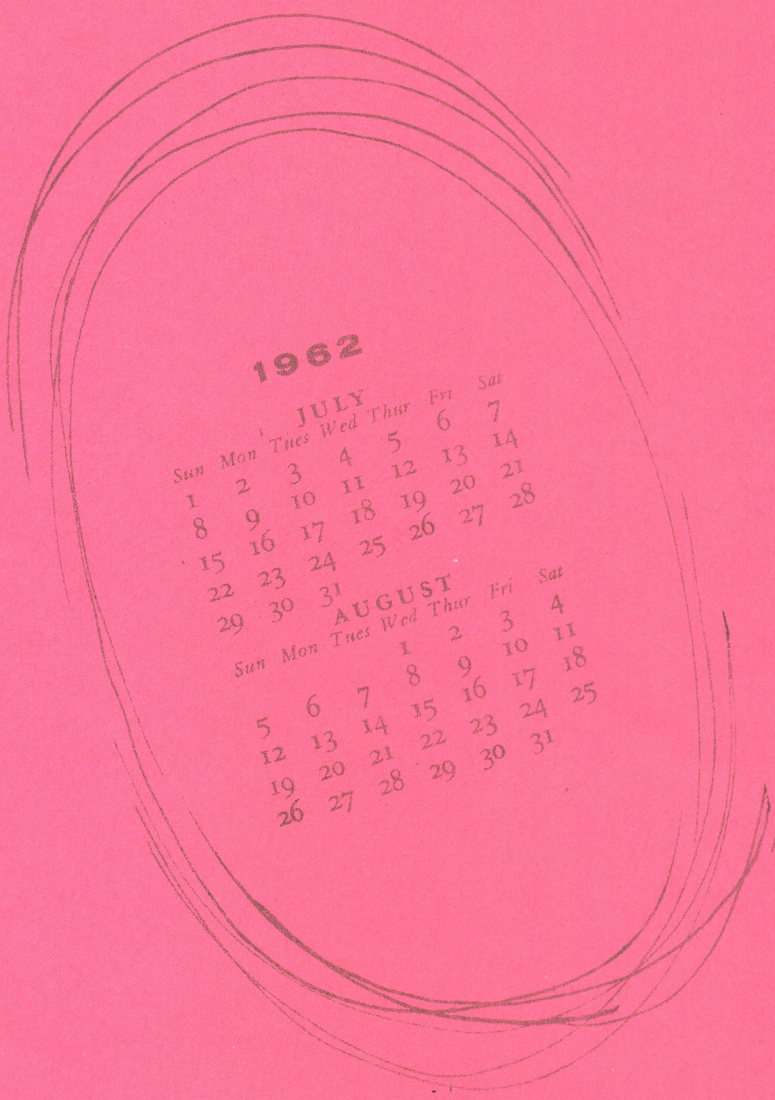




**much to do and plenty new in**

**'62**

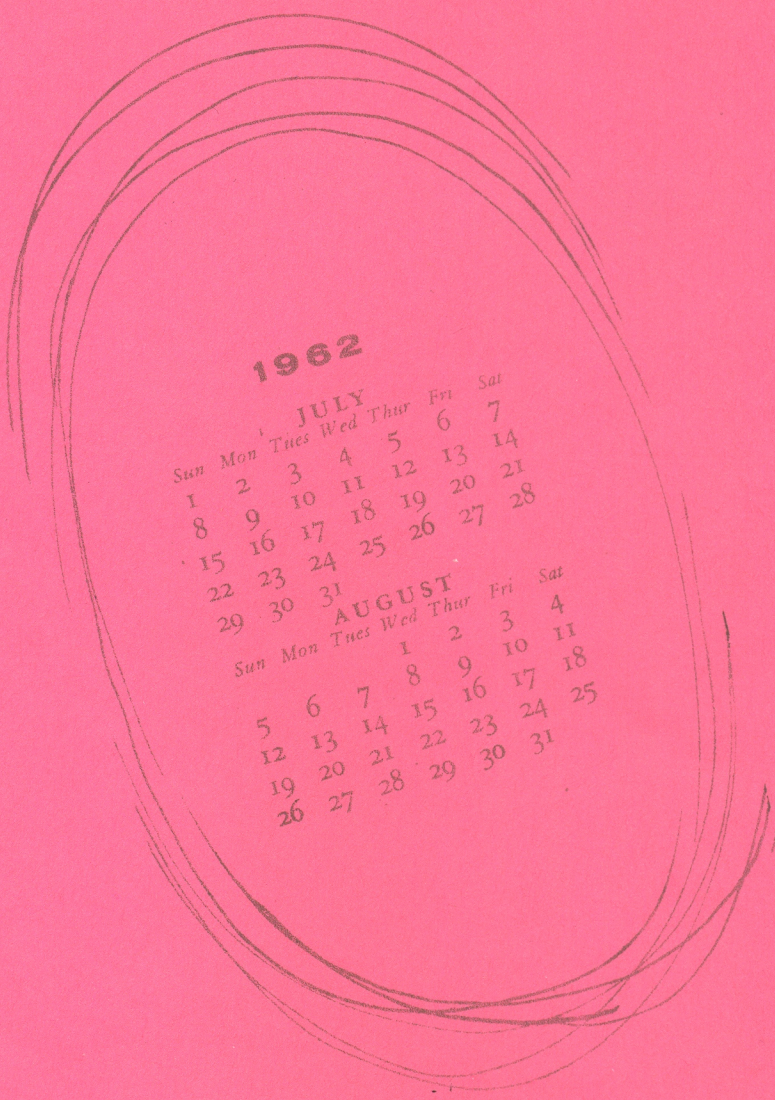




**much to do and plenty new in**

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**much to do and plenty new in**

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